

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS

PANAMA WITHOUT PREJUDICE

By FREDERICK PALMER

THE SECOND ARTICLE IN THE SERIES DESCRIB-
ING ACTUAL CONDITIONS IN THE CANAL ZONE

AND

PRIVATE BILL GRAFT IN CONGRESS

A SIDELIGHT ON PENSION LEGISLATION

MARCH 3 1906

27 F '06

VOL XXXVI NO 23

PRICE TEN CENTS

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For
the
Asking

May
We Send
Them to You?



This Complete Loose Leaf Library

These three booklets, which we will mail **gratis** to any business or professional man, contain over 200 pages of new and valuable information, on the subject of Loose Leaf Bookkeeping and Accounting. No matter what kind of records you keep, or what system you use, these books will show you

how to simplify and improve your methods.

Over 50 Record Forms, designed for manufacturers, merchants, managers and men of all professions, are illustrated, described and fully explained in these booklets.

You cannot **buy** a more comprehensive and complete treatise on the subject of Loose Leaf Record Keeping, than we **give** you in this Library.

You incur no obligation by accepting the books, which we will be glad to mail, **without cost to you**, upon receipt of your request **written on your business stationery**.

JOHN C. MOORE CORPORATION, 419 Stone St., Rochester, N. Y.

Established 1839

Inventors and Manufacturers of **MOORE'S MODERN METHODS** of Loose Leaf Record Keeping

Model F
30-35 H.P.

Cleveland

5 to 55 miles per hour on
third speed.
Guaranteed for one year.

THE CAR WITHOUT A WEAK SPOT

All the little improvements—all the claims for speed are nothing to the surety that **you won't break down**.

In CLEVELAND construction every part is designed and put in to stay. The parts that don't require strength will stand the strain they *may* get—the parts that must stand strain, are made of nickel steel forgings of the highest known tensile strength and toughness. The brains and experience of the Garford Company—the largest manufacturers of exclusively high-grade Automobile parts and Chassis in this country—who make the entire chassis—and all the experience of the maker are concentrated in the CLEVELAND. It is designed and made so well that *repairs* will not figure in its cost of maintenance. The average cost of repairs of the 1905 Car averaged less than \$4.00, including time. **It is the car without a weak spot—we guarantee you against them**—and it is a year ahead of other American Automobile construction.



Double Tulip body. Price, \$3,500.00. Standard Victoria Body at same price, if preferred

The CLEVELAND ignition follows the best foreign practice and the Simms-Bosch low tension magneto—with automatic make and break spark is used—doing away with jump spark troubles—short circuiting—batteries—coils and commutators. The spark is automatically controlled by the speed of the engine—and is out of the operator's hands. The Simms-Bosch Magneto ignition was used on the first seven cars in the Gordon-Bennett Cup race.

The carburetor is an advanced and perfected type of our own construction. It is automatic—requires no adjustment—and will not flood.

The muffler lays the dust and keeps it out of the car.

Our catalogue illustrates and describes in detail the wonderful mechanical construction which makes the CLEVELAND the cheapest of all cars to maintain. **FREE** on request.

CLEVELAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Dept. 9, Cleveland, O.

New York: E. B. Callahan, 228-230 West 58th Street, Gen'l Eastern Distributing Agent
Boston: Butler Motor Car Company, 998 Boylston Street
So. California: A. P. Worthington, Los Angeles
Cleveland Automobile and Cycle Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

HAYNES

The Car of Many Exclusive Features

The Haynes has many exclusive features that assure for it a wonderfully low maintenance and up-keep expense.

In a 6,000 mile trip, made in early winter, from Kokomo, Ind., to New York and Boston via Albany, returning over the Allegheny Mountains by the National Road, the repair expense was but \$1.50.

Roller-bearings throughout, make the loss of power between the motors and rear tires less than 10 per cent, and account for the ease with which the car went up the longest and steepest grades in crossing the mountains.

The Haynes exclusively has roller-bearing engines: a Master Clutch with no wearable surfaces, which takes hold without jerking; a transmission that positively prevents burring and stripping of gears; and a roller pinion and rear axle that overcome every objection to shaft driven cars.

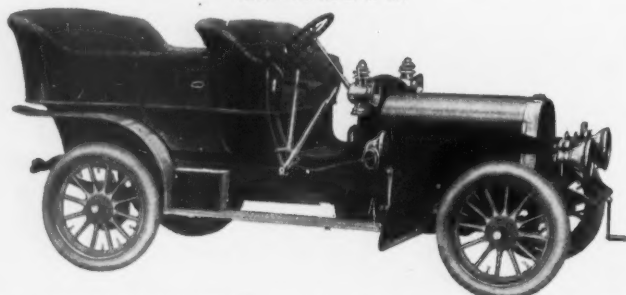
Other exclusive Haynes features are given in our new catalogue. For prompt attention address Desk 8.

"The Car The Repairman Seldom Sees"

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE CO.

KOKOMO, IND.

Chicago, 1420 Michigan Ave. New York, 1715 Broadway
MEMBERS A. L. A. M.



This car Model "R" was driven 8,500 miles at a total repair expense of \$4.00. The last 1,100 miles, the latter part of January from New York to Chicago, through deep mud and snow over the Cumberland Mountains.

Model "R" Four-Cylinder Touring Car

Vertical roller-bearing engines. Cylinders cast separately, 5½x6 inches, 50 H. P. An exclusive transmission that absolutely prevents stripping of gears. Positive cooling system. Individual and special lubrication. Master Clutch has metal faces and takes hold without jerking. Shaft drive. Exclusive universal joints that prevent wear on pins. Sprocket and Roller Pinion and perfect Rear Axle, all exclusive. Roller-bearings throughout. 108-inch wheel base, 54-inch tonneau, seating five people. Four to 60 miles an hour on high gear. Weight, 2,750 pounds. Price \$3,500, f.o.b. Kokomo. Full equipment.

Model "O" Four-Cylinder Touring Car

Cylinders cast in pairs 4½x5 in., 38 to 30 H. P. Transmission, cooling system, lubrication, master clutch, shaft drive, universal joints, sprocket, roller pinion and roller-bearings and body same as on Model "R." 97-inch wheel base. 4-inch tires. Tonneau seating three persons. Four to 40 miles an hour on high speed. Price \$2,250, f.o.b. Kokomo. Full equipment.

Ainslee's Magazine

FOR MARCH

In a long notice of AINSLEE's, which recently appeared in the *Boston Globe*, it was stated that the editors of the magazine "have had the fortune to find stuff which had, besides real literary worth, the quality of interest, of vitality, of human thrill." Our purpose has been to accomplish just that and this recognition of it is ample proof of our success. The March number will be a further development of the idea of a "magazine that entertains."

E. F. BENSON

author of "Dodo" and "The Image in the Sand," will have an absorbing automobile story entitled "The Dust Cloud."

ROBERT ADGER BOWEN

is an old friend of AINSLEE's readers and will contribute the novel-ette, "Vanessa's Dilemma," a story full of dramatic action and "human thrill."

FREDERIC TABER COOPER

is widely known as a literary critic and author. He has contributed an immensely entertaining story in "The Peau de Cygne."

L. FRANK TOOKER

whose sea stories have reached a climax in his recent book, "Under Rocking Skies," is the author of a delightfully humorous tale, "Captain Cosgrove's Homeopathic Cure."

HENRY C. ROWLAND

who has achieved success with "The Sea Scamps," "The Wanderers" and "The Mountain of Fears," has a bright story in "The Precipitancy of Van Vleck."

MARY B. MULLETT

is another AINSLEE's favorite who can always be depended upon to entertain. Her story in the March number is "In Connection with Billy's Bank."

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

one of Herr Conried's most valued lieutenants, is the author of one of the essays describing "Society at the Opera."

CHANNING POLLOCK'S

theatrical article under the title of "Making a Roman Holiday in New York," will have a quantity of interesting news of the stage.

COVER DESIGN BY CLARENCE UNDERWOOD

Besides these, there will be equally interesting and entertaining features in another essay, "The Outsiders," in the series by MARY MANNERS, "Society as a Merry-go-Round," short stories by BEATRICE HANSCOM, ANNE O'HAGAN, VINCENT HARPER and JANE W. GUTHRIE, and poems by S. E. KISER, JOSEPH C. LINCOLN and FELIX CARMEN.

Now On Sale

Price Fifteen Cents

Be Fair to Your Skin, and it will be Fair to You—and to Others

A Beautiful Skin can only be secured through Nature's work. Ghastly, horrid imitations of Beauty are made by cosmetics, balms, powders, and other injurious compounds. They put a coat over the already clogged pores of the skin, and double the injury.

Now that the use of cosmetics is being inveighed against from the very pulpits, the importance of a pure soap becomes apparent. The constant use of HAND SAPOLIO produces so fresh and rejuvenated a condition of the skin that all incentive to the use of cosmetics is lacking.

THE FIRST STEP away from self-respect is lack of care in personal cleanliness; the first move in building up a proper pride in man, woman, or child, is a visit to the bath-tub. You can't be healthy, or pretty, or even good, unless you are clean. USE HAND SAPOLIO. It pleases every one.

WOULD YOU WIN PLACE? Be clean, both in and out.

We cannot undertake the former task—that lies with yourself—but the latter we can aid with HAND SAPOLIO.

It costs but a trifle—its use is a fine habit.



*The Delightful
After-effects of a*

TURKISH BATH

*can be inexpensively provided
for in your own
bath room—with
plenty of water
and a cake of*

HAND SAPOLIO

FOR TOILET AND BATH
TRY IT

HAND SAPOLIO neither coats over the surface, nor does it go down into the pores and dissolve their necessary oils. It opens the pores, liberates their activities, but works no chemical change in those delicate juices that go to make up the charm and bloom of a healthy complexion. Test it yourself.

WHY TAKE DAINTY CARE of your mouth, and neglect your pores, the myriad mouths of your skin? HAND SAPOLIO does not gloss them over, or chemically dissolve their health-giving oils, yet clears them thoroughly by a method of its own.

HAND SAPOLIO is

SO PURE that it can be freely used on a new-born baby or the skin of the most delicate beauty.
SO SIMPLE that it can be a part of the invalid's supply with beneficial results.
SO EFFICACIOUS as to bring the small boy almost into a state of "surgical cleanliness" and keep him there.

Try it At My Expense—Not Yours

IF you are not a reader of **MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE** I want you to become one. I want you to know what it is like, and to know, at my expense, if the magazine does not suit you. If it does suit you, and the price is right, you will naturally wish to pay for it. There isn't much in the theory of getting something for nothing. **MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE** is worth your knowing. It was **MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE** that led off a dozen years ago in the low price for magazines—ten cents a copy and one dollar by the year. It was the fight we had with a giant News-Company monopoly that made **MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE** possible, and that blazed the way for all other publishers whose magazines are issued at the price of **MUNSEY'S**. But this is too big and too graphic a story to be told in this advertisement.

Munsey's Magazine

HAS the biggest circulation of any standard magazine in the world—much the biggest. And it has made it and held it solely on its merits. In a dozen years we have not spent a dozen cents in advertising. We have no agents in the field—not an agent anywhere—we have given no premiums, have clubbed with no other publications, and have offered no inducements of any kind whatsoever. We have made a magazine for the people, giving them what they want, and giving it to them at a right price—that's all. And the people have bought it because they like it and because they could buy it at a right price. Our object in advertising now is to reach a few hundred thousand new readers—people who are not now taking **MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE**.

A TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR MAGAZINE FOR TEN CENTS

Though there are a good many three dollar and four dollar magazines in America, there is none better than **MUNSEY'S**, whatever the price—not one. There is no higher grade magazine, there is none better printed or printed on better paper, and there is none better or more carefully edited—none better written, and few, if any, so interesting. It costs in round numbers about *ten thousand dollars a number* to go to press on **MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE**. That is to say, if only one copy were printed it would cost ten thousand dollars, but spreading this cost over our entire edition of *750,000 copies*, the amount gets down very thin on each individual copy.

When I first made this price, a dozen years ago, everybody said it was impossible—said we couldn't live—said we were bound to fail. We did live, however, and today are publishing a *thousand tons* of magazines a month, which is fifty car loads. This is more than three times as many magazines as were issued by all the publishers combined of the entire country when I came into the business.

It is because I am so sure of the merits of **MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE**, and so sure it will please you, that I am now offering to send it to you without any money in advance, and without any money at all if it does not please you. I can afford to take this chance, which, as I see it, is a very small chance, because I believe thoroughly in the rugged honesty of the people. The percentage of dishonesty among the citizens of America is far too small for consideration in a business proposition of this kind.

There is no trick in this offer—no hidden scheme of any kind whatever. It is a simple, straightforward business proposition which will cost you nothing unless you wish it to.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, New York:

You may enter my name for one year's subscription to **Munsey's Magazine**, for which I agree to pay you one dollar (\$1.00) at the end of three months, providing I find the magazine to be what I want. In the event that I do not care for the magazine, I will so notify you at the end of three months, in which case I shall owe you nothing. It is further agreed that in connection with this subscription you are to send me **The All-Story Magazine** free for three months, and that I am to have the option of changing my subscription, if I so desire, from **Munsey's Magazine** to **The All-Story Magazine** for the balance of the year.

Name _____

City _____

Date _____ 1906. State _____

The All-Story Magazine Also Free

I will not only send you **MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE**, as stated above, but will send you three months free, in addition, **THE ALL-STORY MAGAZINE**, which is another of our publications. I add this other magazine for two reasons. First, that you may have the choice of two magazines, and second, with the thought that you may want both.

If this proposition interests you, and I hardly see how it could be made more to your interest, kindly fill out the coupon in this advertisement and mail it to me, and you will get the magazines as stated herein.

FRANK A. MUNSEY 175 Fifth Avenue NEW YORK

THE COMING THING—
THE
Orient
BUCKBOARD
A REMARKABLE MOTOR CAR FOR \$400
WALTHAM MANUFACTURING CO.
WALTHAM, MASS. U.S.A.
ACTIVE AGENTS DESIRED IN UNASSIGNED TERRITORY.
WRITE FOR PROPOSITION AND ILLUSTRATED CATALOG.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED
In each town to ride and exhibit sample 1906 model. Write for Special Offer. Finest Guaranteed 1906 Models... \$10 to \$27 with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires. 1904 & 1905 Models all of best makes \$7 to \$12 500 SECOND-HAND WHEELS All Makes and Models, good as new... \$3 to \$8 Great Factory Clearing Sale. We Ship on Approval without a cash deposit. Pay the freight and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Tires, coaster-brakes, mudguards, etc., half usual price. Do not buy till you get our catalog. Write at once.
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. H 64, CHICAGO

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT
You Assume No Risk When Dealing with Us
We Are Ready to Send On Approval
Any Diamond, Watch or other piece of Jewelry you may select from our catalog. Examine it carefully. If not entirely satisfactory, return it. We pay all charges and take all risks. We have absolute faith in our goods because we know that they are the very best quality and Highest Grade of workmanship. Write for Catalog Today.
Your Credit is Good with Loftis
If you are honest, it makes no difference where you live or whether you are a modest employee or wealthy employer; all we ask is honest intentions and good faith. The Loftis Credit System makes your Credit Good by adjusting the terms of payment to meet your income. It is the most popular and successful Credit System in the world because it is Prompt, Simple and Confidential. We ask No Security—No Endorsements—No Interest. We were awarded the Gold Medal, the Highest Award, at the World's Fair, St. Louis. No stranger endorsement could be given. Write for Our New Big Catalog Today.
The Finest ever issued, 66 pages, 1,000 illustrations of Beautiful Diamond Rings, Pins, Brooches, etc., ranging in price from \$25.00 to \$500.00. High Grade Elgin and Waltham Watches, Ladies' and Gent's size, from \$10 to \$100.00, and all other kinds of Jewelry, Silverware, etc. Select any article you wish and it will be sent on approval. If entirely satisfactory retain it, paying one-fifth cash and the balance in eight equal monthly payments. Remember there is no interest to pay. Write for Catalog Today.
LOFTIS BROS & CO. 1836
DIAMOND CUTTERS Watchmakers - Jewelers
Department C38, 92 to 96 State Street
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

PLAYS FOR AMATEURS
The Largest Stock in the U. S. We Have Anything That's in Print. Our FREE Catalogue includes Plays, Recitations, Dialogues, Hand-books, Games, Boys and Girls Stories, &c.
THE PENN PUBLISHING CO., 991 Arch Street, Philadelphia

CIGAR BANDS FANCY BOWLS For Making
100 Assorted Bands sent postpaid, 25 cents.
NOVELTY BAND CO., 73 Bates Street, DETROIT, MICH.

The Rapid MOTOR VEHICLE CO.
We deliver the goods
Price of one ton car, \$1400.
IF YOU ARE A MERCHANT
would it not be worth something to have a delivery system more prompt than is possible with horses and wagons? Would you not like to get rid of the cost of keeping horses? Would you like the prestige that comes to the merchant who uses reliable mobile delivery cars, instead of the old-fashioned method of rapid motor delivery wagons and trucks? Have these points of superiority over any other commercial car. Heavy, solid construction; great hill-climbing power; a maximum of storage capacity; any kind of a body to fit your needs. Every Car Guaranteed for One Year. For full particulars address, **H. T. HENRY, Sales Manager, Rapid Motor Vehicle Co., Pontiac, Mich.**

The best place for
REST, RECREATION or RECUPERATION
at this season is
ATLANTIC CITY
and the new fireproof
CHALFONTE
is especially well equipped to supply the wants of those who come to secure them.
Write for Illustrated Folder and Rates to
THE LEEDS COMPANY
Always Open On the Beach

4% Interest
United States Government bonds are absolutely safe, but they yield only 2% or 3%. This bank offers you in its savings department an investment which is just as reliable—just as safe—which yields 4 PER CENT INTEREST, compounded semi-annually. Write for our free booklet "4%" which tells all about this bank and its system of handling accounts by mail.
THE CITIZENS SAVINGS AND TRUST CO. CLEVELAND, O.
ASSETS OVER FORTY-TWO MILLION DOLLARS

The Social Evil from a Physician's Standpoint
By R. N. Willson, M. D., Physician to the University of Pennsylvania.
The author's professional services have been devoted to the young men of a great city. He has intimate knowledge of the dreadful results of ignorance regarding the dangers of the Social Evil to health and happiness. Exact and necessary information which every man should possess is plainly given; and the dangers of unclean living clearly pointed out.
The world famous Dr. Wm. Osler: "The colleges should reprint it for distribution."
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Dr. Howard S. Williams, Macon, Ga.: "I have sent a copy to my son just beginning his college career." 12mo. Bound in cloth and gilt. Postpaid \$1.00.
JOHN C. WINSTON CO., Publishers No. 1012 Arch Street Philadelphia

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STRAIGHTEN YOUR LEGS by wearing our stylish Forme. Inexpensive, durable and give style, finish and comfort. Simple as a garter, put on or off in a few seconds, never clamped, natural as the leg itself. Critical authorities commend them in the highest terms. Write for photo-illustrated book, testimonials and self measurement chart, mailed free, under plain
ALISON CO., Dept. T, BUFFALO, N. Y.

10 Cts. GRAPHONE
We have here the nearest little miniature talking machine ever got out. It's the slickest thing in the musical line we ever saw. It has all the appearance of the large disc Phonograph, and when you turn the crank on the back the music will be heard coming out of the horn. It is finished in bright attractive colors, packed in a strong box and mailed for 10c.
J. H. PINK, Dept. ASB, South Norwalk, Conn.

In hot weather
all
**tight-fitting
underwear**
is sticky and disagreeable.
WEAR LOOSE-FITTING
B.V.D.
Trade-Mark.
Registered U. S. Patent Office.
**Coat Cut Undershirts
and
Knee Length Drawers**
and be cool and com-
fortable.
Accept no imitation. If
your retailer cannot supply you with
B.V.D. underwear (identified by Red
Woven Label), mail us your chest and
waist measurements with \$1.00 and we
will send you an undershirt and a pair
of drawers all charges prepaid.
FREE descriptive booklet D for the asking.
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Intend to Build?
It will pay you to send a postal card for
samples of
Cabot's Shingle Stains
on wood, showing exactly how the beautiful
moss-greens, bark-browns, weather-grays,
etc., look when applied. They are much
cheaper than paint, and their soft, velvety
coloring effects far handsomer. The only
stains made of Creosote, "the best wood
preservative known."
SAMUEL CABOT, 9 Oliver St., Boston, Mass.
Agents at All Central Points

**BI-PED
TACK
PULLER**

Agents Wanted
**One Foot for Matting Tacks
One Foot for Carpet Tacks**
The only tool that lifts tacks easily, quickly,
without damage to carpets, matting or tacks.
Made of best steel, on simple lever principle—
overlasting. Feet changed instantly, using only
the fingers. Sent postpaid on receipt of 25
cents, also a
Kangaroo Trick Lock. Free, and a Package of
Interesting Matter and Samples of Specialties
GENERAL SPECIALTY MFG. CO., 1026 Arcade Bldg., Phila.

**YOUR TROUSERS
ARE ALL BAGGY**
Everyone's are, except those
who wear our patented device
for retaining original creases
and positively preventing their
bagging at the knees. No pull-
ing up of trousers legs when sliding
down, as the trousers automatically
assume the position best suited to
preserve their shape and creases. Ab-
solutely no friction. Trousers will
wear longer and the device will save
many times its cost in pressing to say
nothing of looks and comfort. Once tried, no man will ever
wear trousers without it. Applied with equal success to ready
made trousers. Design sheet explaining the device clearly
with personal right to wear, mailed on receipt of \$1.00.
EUGENE EVERARD, Box 468-A, Rochester, N. Y.

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FOR AMATEUR MINSTRELSY**
you require in the way of Tambos, Bones,
Burnt Cork, Gags, Jokes, Wigs, etc., etc.,
in our catalog No. 2, illustrated. You can have it for
a postal. Write for it to-day. **POSTPAID**
THE CREST TRADING CO. FREE
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A handy guide to success for young authors. Tells how to pre-
pare manuscript; how standard stories are written; has key plan
which classifies the magazines and indicates the particular classes
of matter required by each; enables the writer to determine to
what magazine his story or sketch is best suited and tells how to
market it. Contains complete classified lists of all the principal
publications and manuscript buyers in this country and England.
Send ten cents in stamps for a copy to **NATIONAL CORRE-
SPONDENCE INSTITUTE**, 33-77 Second National Bank
Building, Washington, D. C.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-424
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Chancery Lane, E. C.; Toronto, Yonge Street
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change of address should give the old as well as the
new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper.
From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse
before the change can be made, and before the first
copy of COLIER'S will reach any new subscriber

VOLUME XXXVI NUMBER 23 10 CENTS PER COPY \$5.20 PER YEAR

NEW YORK SATURDAY MARCH 3 1906

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PAY DAY

What does It Mean to You?

If you are in that discouraged line of men who get the same pittance week after week,
year after year without hope or prospect of something better, it's time you appealed to the
International Correspondence Schools. Ask them how you can in your spare time, qualify for
a better position, a higher salary and a safe future. They will make the way so plain and
easy for you that your only wonder will be that every worker in the world is not following
the thousands who have already reached success over this highway.

Mark on the coupon the occupation you prefer and mail it to the I. C. S. It costs nothing.
It will surely help you some. *It may make your fortune.*

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Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a
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Show Card Writer	Surveyor	Structural Engineer
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Illustrator	Stationary Engineer	Spanish for Steno- graphers
Civil Service	Civil Engineer	Commercial Law for Stenographers
Chemist	Foreman Plumber	
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Name _____ Street and No. _____
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This Clerk Makes No Mistakes

because it has infallibly accurate steel brains—
nothing on
its mind
but
adding.



The \$18500 STANDARD Adding Machine

does away with the tiresome, time-consuming, mental
drudgery of listing and adding. It can't make a mis-
take, and does the work quicker and cheaper than the
cleverest accountant could do it.

How cheap? Your time is worth, say, \$2.00 an
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\$2.00. Your accountants cost you together, say \$10.00
a day. And 25% of their time spent in adding and
verifying would be \$2.50. That's \$4.50 a day.

Now, the Standard costs \$185.00—lasts at least
12 years. That's \$15.00 a year—5 cents a day—to do
work now costing you \$4.50 a day. But just try a Stand-
ard in your own office at our risk and see how quick
it pays for itself, and how much it earns thereafter.

Compare The Standard with old-style Adding
Machines that print. You will find:

1/4 the Keys All the efficiency
1/4 the Parts Much greater Speed
1/4 the Weight 10 times the Adding Capacity

At less than Half the Price—\$185.00.

The Simple Keyboard makes all this possible.
Only 19 keys instead of the mistake-breeding row after
row on old-time machines.

The Standard Must Sell Itself

Now just try the machine—that's all we ask,
and there's not the slightest obligation to buy.
If the machine will pay for itself and earn steady
profits for you afterward, you'll take it, won't
you? Well, just put the machine in operation
in your own office and figure it out on its per-
formance. Then say "I'll buy" or "Don't
want it"—whichever economy dictates.
This coupon for your convenience.

The Standard Adding Machine Co.
422 Spring Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

This coupon for the signature of employers or employees
☐ I would like to PROVE the Standard Adding
Machine at your risk. Please deliver one for
FREE TRIAL.
☐ Please send your booklet, "The Standard Way."
Name _____
Business _____ State _____
Address _____

SEE FOR YOURSELF

how clear, clean, and healthy your complexion
will appear—and how power-
less the winter winds will be
to cause chaps, roughness,
or other facial blemishes—
if you will use that most
healthful of all beautifiers—



LABLACHE FACE POWDER

Refuse substitutes. They may be dangerous.
Flask, White, Pink, or Cream. 50c. a box of drug-
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RUGS

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The Hoosier gives more kitchen conveniences than any other cabinet and at a price that means a big saving, not of a dollar or so, but \$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00—doesn't this interest you?

It has an arrangement all its own—it's more convenient, more practical, more get-at-able, more sanitary and has the following special features no other kitchen cabinet possesses no matter how high the price.

Special Features of the Hoosier

The Hoosier flour bin (see cut) is an exclusive Hoosier design—and the only sanitary flour bin made. The flour is put in at the top—and comes out through the sifter at the bottom—thoroughly sifted. No dust can get in—no mouldy flour accumulate—as in old fashioned flour barrels or bins in other cabinets. No bending over with scoop.

The Hoosier sugar bin (see cut) is another exclusive feature. The bulk of the sugar is held in the top, the opening allowing about one pint to remain in the lower part. As one scoopful is taken out another falls down. It is dust and moisture proof.

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The special Hoosier spice cans—neatly Japanned, air-tight to preserve the spices—and above them hooks for the utensils needed.

The Housekeepers' want list of everything used in the kitchen—a wonderful aid to the memory—so that you never run out of any supplies needed at any time.

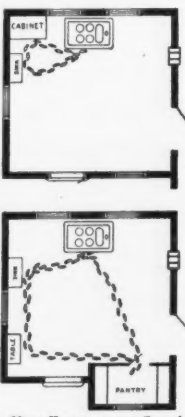
There is also a card index box—containing the Hoosier system of keeping receipts—better than anything you ever thought of.

The large cupboards and drawers all supply ample room for cooking utensils, tinware, crockery, cereals, etc. One of our new cabinets—has special drawer with a tin cake and bread box arranged in it.

The Hoosier System

The Hoosier System groups every article needed in preparing a meal all in one place. Think of the footsteps and wear and tear this saves in going back and forth from range to pantry—from pantry to sink—from sink to kitchen table. The little diagram on this page shows how footsteps can be saved. Not only is every article within easy reach—but each has its own special place—just where it is easiest to get at. Everything is actually at your fingers' ends, by the unequalled Hoosier arrangement.

A Hoosier—by its compact storing of every article—by its great convenience—will enable you to cut your kitchen work in two—do it in half the usual time—with half the usual labor. By putting system and order into your kitchen it will cut off all waste—and thus it pays for itself in a year in actual dollars and cents in this saving.



How Footsteps are Saved

Superior Construction of the Hoosier

The Hoosier lasts a life time. It is made of solid oak—selected with great care and thoroughly seasoned to stand the heat of the kitchen—is constructed by skilled wood workers and cabinet makers. The finish is especially adapted for use in the kitchen—not marred by water—nor affected by heat.

How You Can Make a Big Saving

If you will write us we will prove to you beyond question that you will get in a Hoosier a better and more convenient kitchen cabinet for, say, \$20.00 than you can get IN ANY OTHER make for, say, less than \$35.00. These are not the prices, but they are so near it that the purchase of a Hoosier Cabinet by you means a SAVING OF ABOUT \$15.00.

If you have the slightest doubt about this; write us and permit us to prove our statements. THIS \$15.00 SAVING IS LARGE ENOUGH TO MAKE IT WORTH WHILE.

Here is the thing in a nutshell—why pay \$15.00 more for a kitchen cabinet that is no better, no more convenient, no more practical, no better made, no better finished—and which has NOT the housekeepers' comforts we offer in our non-scooping, sanitary flour bin and sifter, in our sugar saving, dust and moisture and insect proof sugar bin, in our non-poisonous, extension sliding top made of aluminum which gives twice the table space.



Why buy a cheap cabinet when a very few dollars more will get a Hoosier?

Sold on Easy Payments—5 CENTS A DAY

A few dollars down and a few cents each day pays for a Hoosier cabinet inside of nine months and you have the use of the cabinet while you are paying for it. You pay five cents a day in car fare to save walking a few blocks in the fresh air. Isn't it worth the same amount to save twice the walking in a hot, stuffy kitchen?

We guarantee satisfaction or refund your money. If you are not entirely satisfied and if the cabinet is not all we claim for it—you can get your money back. You take no risk. You are protected by a

\$20,000 BOND

which we have filed at the Citizens State Bank, of New Castle, Ind., to guarantee money back to any dissatisfied customer.

We prepay freight—East of the Mississippi River and North of Tennessee and that far to points beyond.

Send for our fine free catalog which gives valuable information about kitchen cabinets and tells why we can make the Hoosier at such a low price. You can't afford to be without a kitchen cabinet—and you can't afford not to investigate the Hoosier and its special features if you contemplate buying.

HOOSIER MFG. CO., 42 Adams St., New Castle, Ind.

Originators and Pioneer Makers of High Grade Kitchen Cabinets



Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



AS TO RATE LEGISLATION

UNCLE SAM: "COME, MR. SENATE, IT'S UP TO YOU; WHOM DO YOU REPRESENT—ME OR YOUR FAT FRIEND?"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE



LIFE INSURANCE TROUBLES began almost exactly a year ago. The trivial occasion which set off the explosion was a fancy dress ball in February of 1905. What a contrast! RÉJANE, dancing, costumes, spectacular fun and wealth, the aggressive surpluse of prosperity. And now? The contrast is almost too dramatic. The priest with his sacrament hurries to one president, whose death is hastened by humiliation. Another lies, broken in constitution, in a sanitarium. Another sells his goods and lands, preparing for exile. The giver of this ball is in voluntary exile. Several secondary officers are in voluntary exile. And—so ironical is Heaven—what started the mighty housecleaning was social and not business errors. Here is Fate's sequence: HYDE's ball; then ALEXANDER's letter, very quotable, calling attention to HYDE's love of limelight, of display, of flattery, to a manner of life not conducing to public confidence. Then followed the contest between HYDE and ALEXANDER, and the cat was out and jumping.

REMINISCENCE

IF ANYBODY HAD BEEN ASKED, a year ago, to name an invincible financial trinity, all of us know what the answer would have been. If so much can be done in a single year, and without panic or calamity, with stock-market prices steadily rising and unequaled commercial prosperity, it's a hopeful sign, with cheering inferences. The public is frequently pessimistic if reforms do not happen with sufficient speed. The excitement about postal frauds has passed, but GEORGE W. BEAVERS has just gone to join MACHEN, LORENZ, the GOFF Brothers, MCGREGOR, and UPTON in the penitentiary, for a two years' visit. The outcome of the *Slocum* disaster was far from satisfactory, as the most guilty parties to the crime could not be reached, but one man at least has suffered as an example. The public and the press have complained loudly about the deliberate

PUNISHMENT

erate procedure, in the insurance matter, of District Attorney JEROME. Mr. JEROME is not a man to be coerced. He acts when he is ready. The problem which confronted him was complex. As there were many concerned in the misdoings, and only a limited number of convictions needed as a warning, it was his duty to consider many things: moral guilt, legal guilt, the influence on the public, the attitude of the companies, the effect on the various companies and their business; for the penalties and loss to the companies should be as far as possible evenly distributed, since it is in reality a prevailing state of things that is being attacked, rather than the iniquity of individuals. Criminal action has from the early stages of the revelations been a necessity, but caution and a clear head have been necessary also. It is not hurry that we need, but wisdom, justice, and the successful termination of prosecutions once begun.

INSURANCE CORRUPTION had its root in mistaken general ethics. When Judge PARKER made his charge about the contributions of corporations to Republican campaign funds, just before the last Presidential election, Mr. ROOSEVELT denied with great indignation that immunity from unfavorable legislation was promised in return; the implication being that the party might in all virtue accept such contributions if no promise were implied or made. Now what does this distinction mean? The officers of an insurance company are forbidden, by law and by any sane conscience, to make such contributions. They do make them, and the political party accepts them. The trustees

CAUSES

take away the money of the beneficiaries, the politicians put it in their pockets, and the transaction is presumed to be right provided the policy-holders get nothing in return for the loss imposed upon them. If they do receive any recompense, the abstraction of their funds immediately becomes a wrong. If a man who so notably represents public opinion in America, and the better half of that opinion, can put forth reasoning such as this, surely the public must accept its full share of blame for conditions now prevailing in finance. Punishment will be instruction both to the victims and to the rest of us. Recovery from the officers of the companies is recommended by leaders of the bar. How about recovery from the coffers of party organizations? If such a result were capable of accomplishment there would be no limit to the salutariness of the effect on politics and general modes of thought.

COMPOUNDING A PRESCRIPTION is one of the many arts acquired during his studious life by the Governor of Pennsylvania. He sat for fourteen years as judge. He has been in business and worked upon a farm. French, Latin, German, Dutch, and Spanish are open tongues to him, and he studies the histories of many lands. There are many PENNYPACKERS, and one of them, reflecting upon the glories of SAMUEL the Governor, contrasts him and his doings indignantly with "the efforts of a recent shoemaker Governor of Massachusetts to advance his own material fortunes with the noble cause of free hides." Is an educated Governor, who proves in some ways not worthy of his education, so infinitely superior to a shoemaker who arouses the approval of independent citizens everywhere for his record in high office? Is not this snobbishness a trifle strong? Governor PENNYPACKER has done good things. The trouble with him is that there is small excuse for his failure to do better. *Noblesse oblige.* Education and opportunity put us under stricter obligations. Senator QUAY's library, as Mr. ISAAC PENNYPACKER states admiringly, "covered the walls of three large rooms from floor to ceiling." Some men have done better with a small library. One might do better with nothing but the Bible.

EARL GREY HAS SPOKEN sternly on the patent medicine abuse. Addressing the McGill College faculty, the Governor-General of Canada urged his hearers to remain alert against political corruption in Montreal, and then he passed on and devoted special attention to the nostrum trade. His Excellency confessed that he read in the daily newspapers wonderful advertisements about such things as "How to fool a lazy liver," and "How to avoid catarrh." "I," he continued, "am reminded of my old friend Peruna. In polite circles whisky is called Peruna. Recently I bought a bottle of Peruna and sent it to be analyzed. It was returned to me showing that it contained 40.5 proof spirit. To add to this, recently I received a report from a friend in Washington showing that thousands of children died every year through these medicines, and the tragedy of it is all the more intensified because the stuff is administered by mothers who do not know the effects of the mixtures they are giving their children." Earl GREY was of the opinion that laws should be made requiring the manufacturers of patent medicines to show by the labels what they contain. In Canada such recommendations are called for by the rampant traffic in noxious drugs. The Dominion in this matter shares one of the duties confronting her sister nation across the Lakes.

NOSTRUMS IN CANADA

MEDICAL AND SURGICAL TOPICS are taken up, not infrequently, in United States Consular Reports, most of which are despatched by men wholly innocent of information on the subjects whereof they promulgate their ideas. Our consuls need to report more fully and intelligently than they do on economic, industrial, and trade conditions, but these long words need not include the business of dispensing drugs. Our Consul-General at Frankfort, Germany, is the cause of these remarks. His name is GUENTHER, and he tells how to end a cold. The "cure" consists of a mixture of cocaine, paranephrin, and water, applied on cotton to the nose. Mr. GUENTHER is high in praise of it, and he also grows enthusiastic over a device by which secretions in one side of the nose may be blown out through the other side. A medical authority points out the serious danger of forcing infectious material into the throat, the middle ear, or the various accessory nasal cavities, to say nothing of what might occur in the presence of particularly virulent infections like diphtheria, scarlatina, and the like, but Mr. GUENTHER presumably doesn't care. He also expends some vocabulary on the cure of appendicitis without the knife. We think that he had better devote his attention to the modes of cutting whiskers or the price of new-laid eggs.

OFF HIS BASE

THE CLAIMS OF LABOR and the laboring class, which are making themselves heard throughout the land, are voiced in a letter from one of our subscribers, who feels that none of the reforms so much discussed could do away with the cruelty of competition from which he suffers. "I am keenly interested in anything which tends to raise the moral and intellectual



standard of the American people, but since self-preservation is the first law of nature, the problem of the betterment of the conditions of the working class is the paramount issue with me at the present time." He is an industrious and skilled machinist, and yet the world fails to satisfy his most rational requirements. The only thing which can be called "extravagance" in his life is some \$25 a year for books, magazines, and lectures. Twelve years ago he bought his newest overcoat; four years ago his newest hat; and his wife's best hat was bought three years ago and cost \$3. "I must cut expenses more

THE CRY OF LABOR

than ever, and one thing which I shall have to get along without is COLLIER'S. I owe the grocer \$10, the coal dealer \$15, and the doctor \$12, and there is a mortgage on my house." This raises the question, not of actual poverty and hardship, but of the possibilities of the artisan class. Our present correspondent, like so many others, believes a radical improvement could be made by steps called in a rough way Socialistic—believes in more of an improvement in the general human lot, perhaps, than can be brought about by any device yet dreamed of by man. Something, however, can be done for greater economy and fairer distribution. More is done now than ever before toward equalization, and all change at present is in that direction.

LIBERALISM IN ENGLAND seems drifting rapidly toward the greater power of labor interests. In the last Parliament there was but one member representing the labor party as an organized political movement. In the new Parliament there will be a dozen active labor members who are also "Constitutional Socialists." The London organ of the labor party lays down the meaning thus: "In Great Britain, as in France, Belgium, Germany, and Italy, the cleavage has now been definitely marked between Capital Liberalism and Socialist Democracy. The workers have crossed their Rubicon, and though Pompey BANNERMAN's mercenaries fatuously acclaim them yet as allies, that delusion is not likely to endure when the Socialists get to business." The program of this party includes: Removal of taxation from articles used by the workers, such as tea and tobacco, and increase of taxation on large incomes and on land. Compulsory sale of land for the purpose of municipal houses, works, farms, and gardens. Nationalization of railways and mines. Taxation to extinction of all mineral royalties. Vastly improved education for the working classes. Old age pensions. Adoption of the initiative and referendum. Universal adult suffrage. Eight-hour day and standard rates of wages in all Government employ. Establishment of a Department of Agriculture. Life insurance by the nation. Nationalization of all banks. The second ballot. Abolition of property votes. Formation of a citizen army for home defence. Abolition of workhouses. Solid legislation on the housing question. Government inquiry into the food question, with a view to restoring British agriculture. And all these changes are frankly treated as merely steps toward Socialism, to be ultimately complete.

THE DRIFT IN ENGLAND

THE CHURCH IS ATTACKED by leaders of radical political and social movements almost everywhere, for the Church to-day in every country is conservative on the whole. It is only when they are new that religions are revolutionary. Later they inevitably become allies of the established order. In our own country to-day the churches take little or no part in the public reforms which are being made. "The Public," an able exponent of the Socialistic trend, declares that: "The Christian pulpit as an institution has come to be what Roman paganism was in CÆSAR's time as FROUDE describes it. It is a living and pliant tool which beneficiaries of privilege manipulate, a sort of moral policeman whose functions beneficiaries of privilege utilize to shield their own big crimes by assailing the petty vices of other people." "The Public," to be sure, was provoked because the ministers of Cleveland not only refused to accept Mayor TOM JOHNSON's wise opinions about the suppression of disorder, but called him academic for lugging in his panacea, which was, indeed, worked in with something of a wrench. But that most rich offenders in business and finance are pillars of the Church is true, and this fact makes an effective part in the moral reform of economic difficulties a rather difficult part for the Church to take.

CRITICIZING THE CHURCH

THE PROTECTION OF ANIMALS from unnecessary suffering has been in unworthy hands for eighteen years. HENRY BERGH died in 1888. Mr. HAINES, his successor, has a long dog-in-the-manger record of inefficiency, dogmatism, and sentimental absurdity. He has brought upon the Society not only ridicule, but more serious distrust. He has prevented similar societies from coming into existence, as under the law he is permitted to do, and he has so conducted the A. S. P. C. A. that it has been conspicuous mainly as an obstacle in the path of men and women who cared to pursue this particular path of good. He has made the organization, as we observed last summer, a fat poodle ornamented with a bow of red tape. Fighting against proper and necessary investigation of the disposal of the Society's money, Mr. HAINES has had the insolence to pass, by a small margin, in a meeting decorated by the presence of his employees, a resolution declaring against any further public criticism of the methods of himself. Fancy. The most charitable view of Mr. HAINES is that his gross unsuitability to the post he holds makes his retirement a consummation devoutly to be wished.

FIGHTING FOR HIS JOB

AMERICAN WOMEN'S MANNERS, in the opinion of MATTHEW ARNOLD, are better than those of other women because there is no aristocracy. There is, therefore, no habitual cringing, no lack of decent confidence, no instinct of inferiority. We are free from the deeply interfused degradation that goes with caste, and from all that keeps a woman from being herself and not a unit occupying this part or that in a human stepladder, cowering from those above and stamping on those below. In this atmosphere of freedom, perhaps, lies the explanation of our characteristic view of woman's rights. There is truth in the conservative point of view, but for Americans the truth is not sufficient to justify a frequent European attitude found in men of high intelligence. STRINDBERG, for instance, the Swedish poet, says in the preface to his "Comrades": "If I hate emancipation the reason is because I love women, and because there will soon none of them be left if we follow the advice of those who advocate their emancipation. It is high time that we return to the order established by nature." Certainly a woman who ceases to be a woman, and who becomes merely a competitor, handicapped by many physical impediments, along lines selected through ages to fit the structure and abilities of men, is entering upon an injudicious fight. To woman, by the irrepealable laws of physiology, is given the hardest part of the world's real work. Compared to her, in the long view of nature and the race, men are little more than drones. She can hardly, therefore, undertake men's labors in addition to her own without losing power and incurring setbacks and defeat. But granting all this, she can, in this country, enjoy far more variety of experiment or activity than in any other country, for she is free to make known all her desires and execute those which are in their nature possible. Cupid and the Stork can never be allowed to wander hand in hand to banishment, a penalty which some opponents of new movements believe they are now threatened with; but our theory in America is that they can be saved with much less rigidly exclusive customs than other countries have always developed for their women.

WOMAN'S PARADISE

DRESS IS PLUMAGE. Incidentally, of course, it keeps us warm, but, like feathers, its rôle is in no small part esthetic. Whenever we see a woman arrayed in some daring color scheme, or a man whose tie is venturesome without intemperance, applause goes out to such open or even flamboyant contributions to the cause of daily art. Better the courageous than the drab. Mr. ARTHUR RUHL entered the sanctum the other day, his tinted hair and uncertain eyes made brilliant by an effulgent bit of neckwear from a foreign land, knitted silk, in color green, but with delicate strands of purple; almost lost, this mauve insinuation, in certain lights, but again emphasized and enforced by links of amethyst at the wrist, holding together portions of a shirt of which the well-studied gray was an octave higher than the same color in the vest and coat. A health to beauty and to temperament in this grim world! Shrink not too timorously from experiment in the brighter sides of life. Better an error now and then than a timid habit of remaining in settled dulness and uncolored gloom.

GAYETY IN DRESS

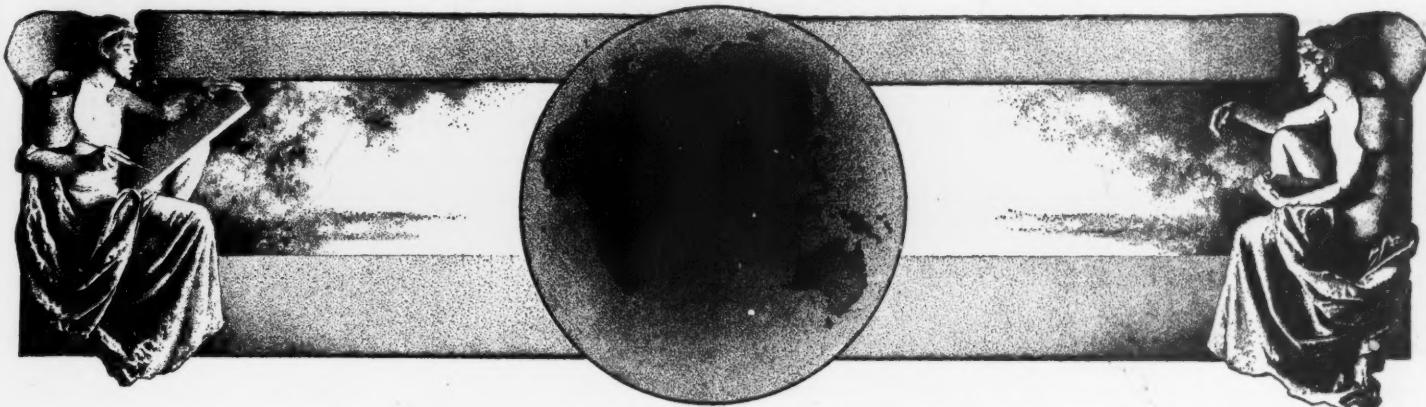


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AFTER THE WHITE HOUSE WEDDING

THE BRIDAL PAIR WHO MONOPOLIZED THE NATION'S ATTENTION, AND THE OVERSHADOWED PRESIDENT

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

JOHN A. McCALL, late President of the New York Life Insurance Company, died February 18. ¶The shipping subsidy project has once more reached the stage of Senatorial approval. ¶Miners and operators have been working industriously to avert a coal strike. ¶Secretary Root has uncovered scandalous conditions in the Consular service. ¶The Chicago gas companies have agreed to furnish gas at eighty-five cents per thousand feet, rather than to be compelled to furnish it at seventy-five. ¶Preparations continue for suppressing an anti-foreign outbreak in China. ¶Miss Alice Roosevelt and Representative Nicholas Longworth were married at the White House February 17. ¶William J. Bryan has resigned from the Board of Trustees of Illinois College because it accepts tainted money. ¶The copper war in Montana ended February 13 by the transfer of the Heine mines to the Amalgamated Copper Company. ¶After a quarter of a century's service Sir Francis Burnand has resigned the editorship of "Punch." He has been succeeded by Owen Seaman. ¶The German Government has decided to give the United States the most favored nation treatment for a year in the hope of averting a tariff war. There is strong opposition in the Reichstag to this concession. ¶"Pat" Crowe, the desperado accused of kidnapping the son of Edward A. Cudahy, the great meat packer, five years ago, was acquitted February 16. The verdict aroused intense indignation in Omaha. ¶Ex-Premier Balfour hav-

ing surrendered to Mr. Chamberlain on the tariff question, the Liberals have resolved to oppose his election for the City of London. ¶A bitter contest in Russia between Premier Witte and Minister of the Interior Durnovo, representing the reactionaries, has been temporarily quieted by the Emperor, who has granted Witte's demand for a relaxation of Durnovo's repressive measures. ¶Charles Moyer, President, and W. D. Haywood, Secretary, of the Western Federation of Miners, were arrested at Denver February 17 and taken to Idaho to answer a charge of complicity in the assassination of ex-Governor Steunenberg by a dynamite bomb. ¶M. Fallieres was inaugurated as President of the French Republic on February 18. ¶The General Board of the Navy is considering a proposition to build battleships of twenty thousand tons, overmatching even the famous British *Dreadnought*. ¶The new British Parliament was formally opened on February 19. The King's speech foreshadowed a radical program of legislation. ¶President Roosevelt has submitted to Congress the reports of the Advisory Board of Engineers and the Isthmian Canal Commission upon the proper type of canal. The majority of the Advisory Board favor a sea-level canal; the President, the Isthmian Commission, Secretary Taft, and Chief Engineer Stevens, all endorse the minority report in favor of locks. ¶A native uprising has begun in German East Africa, threatening to repeat the Western trouble

AN OLD ORDER PASSING

SIX months ago John A. McCall, President of the New York Life Insurance Company and one of the greatest powers of the financial world, appeared with supreme confidence before the Armstrong Committee, assumed the entire responsibility for the acts that had been criticized, and said that if he had the choice to make again he would do the same things. To-day he lies dead, amid the wreck of his position, his reputation and his fortune. So tragic a fall has silenced the bitterest of his critics, and sympathy has taken the place of censure. It is plain now that Mr. McCall was the chief victim of the system he represented. It is plain that, inexcusable as his methods were, he honestly thought them the only ones he could use, and that in their employment he thought he was faithfully performing his duty to his trust. With his absolute control of over four hundred million dollars of assets he could easily have made himself a multi-millionaire, and the fact that he died in comparative poverty proves that he was not thinking of his personal profit. Nor would humiliation have crushed a hardened sinner to death.

The Mutual has not been as fortunate as the New York Life in the progress of its housecleaning. Notwithstanding President Peabody's denial that any obstruction had been placed in the way of the Investigating Committee, the resignation of Mr. Stuyvesant Fish from that committee, followed by the publication of a letter from Mr. Peabody himself, made it clear that the obstruction had taken place. Mr. Fish resigned on February 16. The next day the surviving members of the committee, William H. Truesdale and John W. Auchincloss, gave out the correspondence that had brought on the break. This included a letter from President Peabody, dated February 13, in which he declined to accede to the committee's desire for what he described as "an inquiry in great detail as to the relations of all the trustees, officers, and employees of this company, with a multitude of corporations, firms, individuals, and transactions running through the past six years."

As to the trustees, Mr. Peabody would not presume to conduct an inquiry. The committee, in his view, had full authority to make the inquiry itself "by direct request," and ought to spare the presidential feelings by bearing its own responsibilities. As to the employees, while the president could order an investigation, and would not hesitate to do so "if necessary," he thought it would

create "an unfortunate disturbance" in the working force, and ought not to be resorted to if any other way of reaching the desired end could be reached. The majority of the committee assented to these views, and Mr. Fish thought it time for honest investigators to get out.

At the same time a letter was made public from Justice Rufus W. Peckham of the United States Supreme Court declaring that it would be "an inexcusable mistake" for the Mutual to allow ex-President McCurdy to go to Europe without beginning an action to recover any money he might owe the company. To this Mr. Truesdale responded that his committee had recommended in December that actions be brought against Richard A. and Robert H. McCurdy, and Charles H. Raymond & Co., to recover excessive amounts received by them for salaries, commissions, and other allowances. This recommendation had been referred to Mr. Joseph H. Choate for a legal opinion. Mr. Choate had said that from a hasty examination he believed the company had cause of action against ex-President McCurdy, and that he would give a more detailed opinion later. Until that report should be received Mr. Truesdale did not see how any further action could be taken in the matter.

The whitewashing policy of the present Mutual management gave new interest to the campaign for a change at the approaching annual election. Mr. Lawson has secured a number of well-known public men to act on the committee that is to take charge of his proxies, and he asserts that he has already secured voting power enough to give this body control of the company. Another policy-holders' committee in New York, with Mr. John De Witt Warner as counsel, is also actively campaigning for proxies.

The Armstrong Committee of the New York Legislature has completed a most elaborate report, making radical recommendations for new legislation. It advises a compulsory limitation of business, restriction of expenses, and much stricter regulation of investments.



JOHN A. McCALL

Late President of the New York Life Insurance Company; born at Albany in 1849; died at Lakewood, N. J., February 18, 1906

CONSULAR GRAFT

IN an argument in behalf of the Consular Reform bill, on February 16, Secretary Root gave some astonishing information to the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House, which at the same time helped to explain some mysteries that at first sight have appeared insoluble. Travelers have often commented upon the disreputable character of some of our representatives in the Far East. It has been impossible to understand how such men ever got their appointments. Mr. Root explains that they became "totally changed in their moral fibre" after leaving home, abandoned the American manner of life, "and fell into loose moral and business habits." At one Consulate a grafting system had been developed amounting to \$100,000 a year. To reach this case a Consul at another place was induced to resign, a clerk in the corrupt office was promoted to his place, and the displaced Consul was put in the clerk's position. Through him the Department was able to uncover and stop the graft. Of course, if the inspection system provided for by the reform bill had been in existence, this circuitous plan would have been unnecessary. An inspector would have discovered the facts and promptly taken charge of the tainted office, just as postal inspectors do in similar cases at home. Some of the Consular grafters in China made a practice of selling certificates of eligibility to Chinese

emigrants to the United States. The refusal to recognize such fraudulent certificates as conclusive evidence of the right of an immigrant to land has been one of the pretexts for the Chinese boycott.

One case cited by Mr. Root to illustrate the need of an inspection service was that of a Consul in Australia, of whose conduct rumors had reached the State Department. The Navy Department was induced to send a warship, ostensibly on a friendly



MINERS' ENVOYS IN THE NEW YORK PEACE CONFERENCE

The seven representatives of the United Mine Workers on the Joint Committee of Fourteen in session at the Ashland House, February 16

visit. A naval officer made a secret investigation, confirmed the rumors, and the Consul was removed. In another case an American Consul had practically abandoned his American citizenship, gone into business in the country where he was posted, and bought a commission for his son in its navy. These are fruits of the spoils system.

STRIKE OR PEACE?

ALTHOUGH the convention of the United Mine Workers at Indianapolis adopted a resolution which would seem to make local peace in the coal industry impossible—a resolution requiring all the miners in the United States and Canada to stand out as long as those of any single district remained unsatisfied—President Mitchell has been trying as earnestly to reach an agreement with the anthracite operators as if there were no obstacle to a partial settlement. A largely attended conference was held at the Jersey Central Building, New York, on February 15, at which a joint committee was appointed, consisting of seven representatives of the miners and seven representatives of the operators. The old-time opponents, President John Mitchell, of the United Mine Workers, and George F. Baer, President of the Reading Railroad, again faced each other, but this time in a more conciliatory mood.

Meanwhile the soft-coal miners of the Pittsburg district were having an exciting time in their district convention, which adjourned February 17, after wrangling for ten days. The trouble was all about District President Patrick Dolan, who had denounced President Mitchell and voted in favor of renewing the old wage scale. The convention tried to throw Dolan out, but he refused to be thrown. A referendum vote on new officers by the local unions was finally ordered.

THE SENATE FOR SHIPPING SUBSIDIES

ON February 14 the Senate passed the Shipping Subsidy bill by a vote of 38 to 27. The Democrats voted solidly against the bill, and five Western Republicans—Burkett of Nebraska, Dolliver of Iowa, La Follette and Spooner of Wisconsin, and Warner of Missouri—acted with them. By a curious chance the first important roll-call since La Follette's appearance in the Senate found him and his old enemy Spooner ranged together as insurgents against their party.

The bill provides subventions for thirteen new lines of mail steamers: three from Atlantic ports to Brazil, the River Plate, and South Africa; six from Gulf ports to Brazil, Cuba, Mexico, Central America, and the Isthmus; and four on the Pacific to Japan, China, the Philippines, Hawaii, Mexico, Central America, and Panama. It also increases the subsidy of the Oceanic Company's line from San Francisco to New Zealand and Australia. The proposed mail lines are to be subsidized under contracts running for from five to ten years. The one from an Atlantic port to Brazil is to have fourteen-knot steamers, maintaining a monthly service for not more than \$150,000, or a fortnightly service at double the price. No ships faster than fourteen knots are provided for on the Atlantic or Gulf routes, and on several of the lines the speed required is only twelve. The subsidies on this side of the world range from \$50,000 a year for a weekly service between a Gulf port and Mexico to \$187,500 for monthly or \$375,000 for fortnightly services between Atlantic ports and Uruguay, Argentina, and South Africa. On the Pacific side the speeds required run up to sixteen knots and the subsidies go as high as \$300,000 for monthly or \$600,000 for fortnightly services.

A system of general tonnage bounties is provided

for ships which do not belong to mail lines. Every American steamer of five hundred tons or over registered in the foreign trade, and employed as a common carrier, every sailing vessel of at least two hundred tons, and every deep-sea fishing vessel of at least twenty tons, is to be subsidized at the rate of \$5 per ton for an entire year's business, \$4 for



a service of at least nine months, and \$2.50 for one of at least six months out of twelve.

An important feature of the bill is the creation of a Naval Reserve, composed of men under retainer from the United States at rates ranging from \$24 a year for third-class seamen to \$110 for lieutenants. Every subsidized ship is required to have a certain percentage of Naval Reserve men in its crew, and

the total strength of the force is estimated at ten thousand. The subsidies are not to be paid for voyages of less than one hundred and fifty miles. The law confining the Philippine trade to American ships after July 1 of this year is suspended for three years, and in lieu of it American vessels in that trade are to receive thirty per cent more than the ordinary subsidies.

While this measure aims to increase our naval strength in the matter of personnel, it clearly offers no advantages in the matter of ships. Giving no inducement for the construction of steamers of over fourteen knots' speed on the Atlantic, or of over sixteen knots anywhere, the subsidized craft would plainly be of no use as auxiliary cruisers, and of little use even as transports. The plan is simply one for the promotion of private business. It seems doubtful whether the Senate was really in earnest when it passed the bill. There is a general feeling in Washington that it let it go through merely to be killed in the House, just as the House often passes bills to be killed in the Senate. The later experience has been known in the subsidy matter itself.

THE SINKING SCALE OF GAS PRICES

AN ORDINANCE FIXING the price of gas at eighty-five cents per thousand feet passed the Chicago City Council on February 14 by a vote of 57 to 10 over Mayor Dunne's veto, was accepted by the companies, and went immediately into effect, dating from February 1. This settled the gas-rate question in Chicago for five years. The reduction amounts to fifteen cents per thousand feet, or fifteen per cent. The reasons assigned by the Mayor for vetoing the ordinance were various, the most important being that the rate ought

to have been ten cents lower yet, that there should have been a provision for free city lighting, and that the concession to the companies of a right at the end of five years to question the city's authority to fix rates was unnecessary. Mr. Dunne showed that Cleveland, Cincinnati, Duluth, and Alexandria were getting gas at seventy-five cents, and that in addition Cleveland was receiving compensation from the companies which made the net rate seventy cents. He showed besides that two of the Chicago companies had sold gas for years at seventy-two cents. Moreover, the companies had refused to allow the city's experts to examine their books, which was prima facie evidence that the facts concealed there would not have sustained the theory that high rates were necessary.

The companies were glad to compromise on an eighty-five-cent charge, because the Supreme Court had upheld the validity of the law authorizing the City Council to fix rates. An ordinance fixing a seventy-five-cent rate had already been nominally in force for some years, although not enforced pending a final court decision. Consumers have

been advised to save all their gas bills until the decision on that measure has been rendered. If that judgment be in favor of the city, as seems inevitable, rebates can be collected on all the excess payments during those years.

Now that Chicago has an eighty-five-cent gas rate, New Yorkers are wondering more than ever why they should have to pay a dollar. At a hearing on February 15 before a committee of the State Senate, a representative of the Consolidated Gas Company, otherwise known as the Gas Trust, explained without a smile that it was due to the fact that the streets in Chicago were so much worse than those in New York. When the gas company tears up a street it is supposed to restore it to its original condition (which, by the way, it never does). This requirement, said the trust's agent solemnly, made it necessary to charge more for gas in New York than in Chicago. And yet the altruistic corporation opposed the Elsborg Rapid Transit Bill, which would have saved it all the expense of destroying and reconstructing street pavements by allowing it to put its mains in pipe

galleries along the lines of the future subways. Last year the New York State Senate evaded the popular demand for a reduction in the price of gas by creating a State Lighting Commission, with full power over gas and electric lighting enterprises. Governor Higgins expressed the belief that this body would make the reductions demanded. After a year's toil the principal exploit in the records of the Commission appeared to be the suppression of an attempt on the part of one of the smaller cities of the State to establish a municipal electric light plant in competition with a corporation. In its annual report the board had nothing to say of the lighting situation in New York City. Thereupon Senator Stevens, the author of the law creating the Commission, lost patience and introduced a bill for its abolition. Alarmed by the outlook, the chairman of the Commission announced that the annual report had not mentioned New York City, because that subject was to be dealt with in a special report. Meanwhile the legislative representatives of the Consolidated Gas Company took advantage of the tangle to hold up the eighty-cent gas bill again.

AMERICA'S CHINESE PUZZLE

THE Imperial Chinese Commissioners, who have been devoting some weeks to a study of American institutions, sailed for Europe on February 15. They expressed the warmest admiration for all they had seen, especially in the way of education, and they were particularly appreciative of the hospitality shown to them everywhere. When it was asked what effect the tour might be expected to have on the boycott of American goods in China, Commissioner Tuan responded:

"I believe our visit will have a good effect on both nations. You know there is nothing like contact to dispel erroneous notions. Contact between the representatives of different civilizations, different nations, can not help bringing them closer together. Through the press we wish to thank the American people for the warm reception we have had, and express the hope that in our own land we shall be able some day to return their beautiful hospitality."

In one respect the attempt to make a good impression upon the representatives of the Empress Dowager has been dangerously overdone. Every effort has been made to let them see and hear only pleasant things. Their hosts have abased themselves before them. Our sins against China have been confessed with grotesque exaggeration, and China's sins against us have been studiously ignored. At the great banquet given to the Imperial Commissioners in New York by the united foreign mission boards of seven denominations, all references to massacres of missionaries were rigorously barred, in order to "save the face" of the guests. Yet one of the speakers was allowed to say:

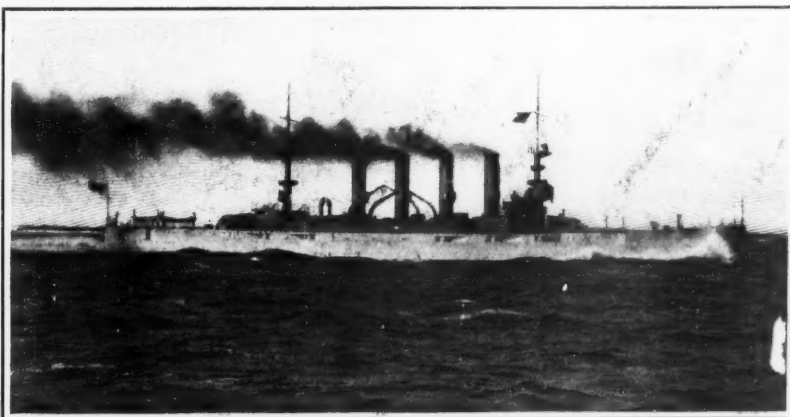
"What a pitiful sight we must present to these distinguished visitors. We have broken faith, we are dishonored. We have bowed down to the idol of greed and the dominion of labor."

The Chinese, who are a self-respecting people, always scrupulously careful to keep up appearances, can hardly be blamed for thinking that such abject prostrations must imply a sense of unpardonable guilt. The efforts of our Government to reach some reasonable understanding with China can scarcely fail to be seriously compromised by such follies

on the part of its own most conspicuous citizens. The truth is, of course, that our treatment of the Chinese is infinitely more liberal than their treatment of us. Chinamen can and do live, work, and travel freely and safely in every part of the Union. No American, or foreigner of any other

solely for China's benefit. We carry soft-headed amiability to such an absurd extreme that we even permit Chinese merchants in San Francisco and Honolulu to push an open campaign from our own soil for the boycott of American goods, instead of shipping them back to China on the first steamer, as they deserve. We buy Chinese products without restraint, and allow our customers in China to be terrorized into refusing ours. And while we have treated China with a magnanimity unmatched by any other Power, we have permitted her to think that she has a special grievance against us.

Properly presented, our position ought to appeal to the Chinese because it is exactly like their own. We believe in America for Americans, and we are the only nation that is willing to admit the corresponding principle of China for the Chinese. We have no desire to inundate China with a flood of American laborers, and it ought to be easy to make reasonable Chinamen sympathize with our unwillingness to have America inundated with a flood of Chinese laborers. With the recognition by each nation of the principle that the other has a right to preserve its own soil for its own race, there should be no trouble in maintaining friendly relations and a mutually profitable trade. Poor Mr. Bryan has had to bear the responsibility in some quarters for a revival of the boycott. The representatives of the Chinese guilds at Shanghai, Canton, and Hongkong had agreed with certain American merchants upon twelve proposed modifications of our exclusion laws, some of them reasonable and others absurd and impossible. Mr. Bryan made a speech at Hongkong, at which he was said to have dissipated the hope of reversing our exclusion policy, and the resurgence of the boycott was the alleged result. But according to the Rev. Sydney N. Ussher, who has just returned from China, the boycott is only part of a general anti-foreign movement, and we were picked out as the first victims "because the Chinese take the United States for an 'easy mark'—a country which will not resort to war-like retaliation." This view is confirmed by cable advices.



SPEED TRIAL OF THE ARMORED CRUISER "TENNESSEE," OFF ROCKLAND

The "Tennessee," and her sister ships the "Washington," "North Carolina," and "Montana," of 14,500 tons each, are the most formidable armored cruisers in the world. The "Tennessee" averaged 22.16 knots for four hours

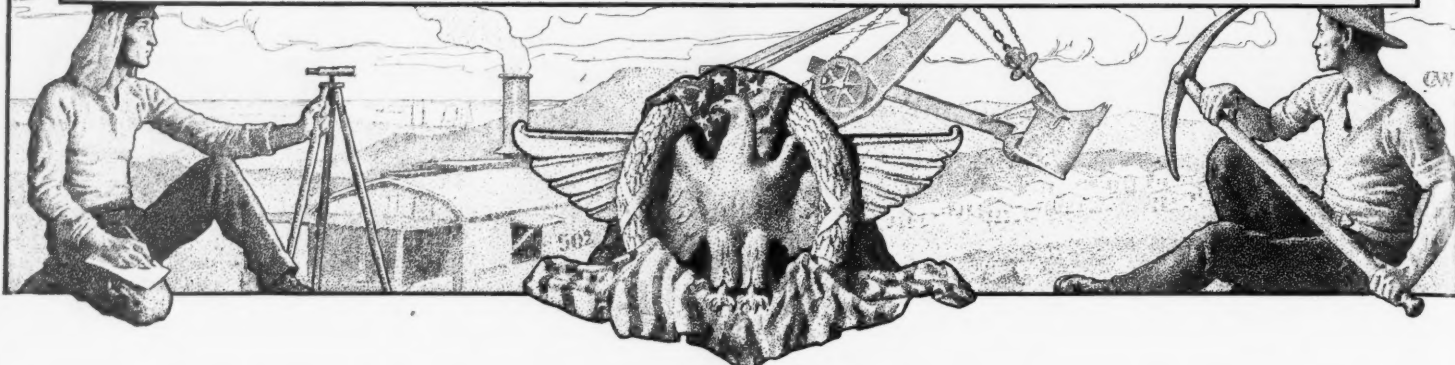
kind, goes outside of a treaty port in China except at the risk of his life. There are over a hundred thousand Chinese in the United States; there are only a few hundred Americans in China, and many of those are missionaries who have gone there



THE RELIGIOUS RIOTS IN PARIS

Resisting the police who are trying to take an inventory of the property in the Church of Notre Dame des Champs

PANAMA, WITHOUT PREJUDICE



This is the second of a series of three articles. It tells of the actual progress in excavation. The third article, to be printed next week, will deal with the type of canal and future problems

By **FREDERICK PALMER**

II—HOW MUCH DIRT IS FLYING?

IT does not require argus eyes or seven-league boots in order to see what has been done and what is being done on a narrow strip of a neck of land only forty miles broad. A third of the Canal's length is through alluvial, flat lands on either side of the backbone that joins the two continents. The task here is one for the ordinary river dredger with its train of scows, which has cut its way in from the ocean; in the hills it is one for the steam shovel with its train of dump cars. Culebra is the highest point of the backbone where the deepest cut must be made, the showplace of the Isthmus. For twelve miles the sea-level portion was complete in depth and width for ships of the time, and there was no part of the line in the highlands which the French had not scratched. From a high point you could follow the long depression overgrown with jungle vegetation and littered with machinery; and on the slopes were their rotting bungalows, laborers' quarters, and workshops. It is clear that we got our \$40,000,000 worth in the amount of excavation alone. I met no one, from engineer to mechanic, whose admiration for the French has not grown with every month that he has spent on the Isthmus.

De Lesseps' engineers, until the chaotic and hopeless later days, were skilful in execution and thorough in theory, although they were disinclined to carry problems to a solution along the lines on which they had started. It was the graft of purchasing agents, which the old hero of the Suez never saw, that ruined the French enterprise; that and frequent change of plan.

The French buildings gave us shelter at the outset. It required less material and less labor to repair them than to build new ones. The mechanical plant of the French furnished us a purchase for operation.

Their dump cars and locomotives were invaluable in initiating work before ours arrived. At Colon Mr. Maltby, the division engineer, has made an old French dredger do service in digging a channel to the new piers in the Canal mouth. The rest of the French machinery that was in order or put in order was valuable largely because it was on the spot.

The cost saved in repairing machines that were out of date would be more than offset by the rapidity and economy of work of improved designs. Aside from the locomotives and the dump cars and the buildings, our engineers would have preferred that the French had left us nothing at all. We have wasted much time in the examination of useless material, and derricks, dredgers, and cars have to be taken out of the prism of the Canal.

Working with Forethought

Between Obispo and San Pedro Miguel we now have seventeen steam shovels at work. If they were all turned loose on Capitol Hill in Washington some morning, you would realize what an enormous amount of steel and power they represent; and then if you could see them on the backbone of the Cordilleras, you would realize what an enormous cheese these mice are attacking.

At present we are taking out five thousand cubic yards of earth a day. The engineers themselves hasten to tell you that this is a mere bagatelle. You can see for yourself that it is, and also the wisdom of Mr. Stevens's method, which proceeds stubbornly in the face of national impatience. He is looking to the

totals that he will have excavated two or three years from now, when he will have a hundred steam shovels at work, rather than to the amount he is taking out to-day.

The difficulty is not so much in digging the dirt as in carrying it away. If all you had to do was to throw it to one side, the problem would be as simple as it seems to the average man at home. When a steam shovel has filled a dump car, which it does in three

bites, you can no more say that this amount of earth is excavated than that a car full of freight is delivered in New York when it is loaded in Chicago. The dump car must deposit its burden outside of the prism of the Canal, where by no possibility will it ever be washed or slide back into the cut.

Most of the gentlemen who write to the Canal Commission, or to the newspapers, telling how to dig the Canal in a minute, overlook this condition. If an engineer wanted to cable big statistics to the States in proof that he was "making the dirt fly," he would only have to skin the surface and throw it to one side. Some of the French contractors did so, and we shall have to move their dumps. The disposal of the dirt costs more than its excavation; and the cost of its disposition, like the cost of freight, is dependent on grades. We must haul it down hill wherever possible.

Mr. Stevens is looking forward to the time when we shall be on the lower levels and the surrounding country will be anywhere from fifty to five hundred feet higher than the shovels. Therefore the tracks must be laid the length of the cut till they are out of the high country. There could be no worse error than to dig in the heart of the backbone and send your dump cars up grade on either side. The management of tracks and grades and the disposition of steam shovels represent a problem in practical engineering where millions of dollars may be saved or lost, and a year perhaps in difference in time in the completion of the ditch.

Should we build a sea-level canal, unquestionably we should run a line of dump cars straight out on to the piers, where the earth could be dropped into barges

and taken to sea. This would avoid the necessity of continually moving the tracks alongside the dumps as they grow, which means delay and extra labor in the rainy season. As the main arteries leading to the piers could be permanently built, we should have uniform tracks only alongside the steam shovels instead of at both ends.

Three of the seventeen steam shovels in operation are engaged in making cuts for the double tracking of the railroad. The other fourteen are not all ranged in Culebra where they can be photographed in a block for publication. There is no gallery play on the Isthmus. The engineers seem to be serving the United States Government in the same cold, matter-of-fact, foreseeing way that John D. Rockefeller works for himself. This is an anomaly which impressed me deeply.

You Can See for Yourself

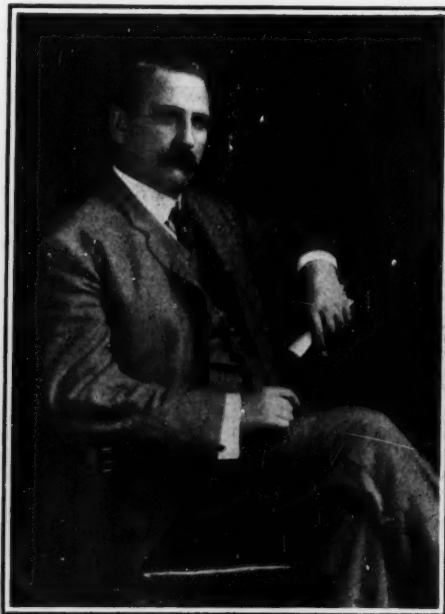
From that same high point where, in the French time, I saw only jungle and desolation, there is a vista of many new tracks, of earth trains on the move, the earth-colored splotches of the dumps against the tropical green, the bursts of steam from the engines of the mine drills and the well drills, and the locomotives and steam shovels, while you hear the detonation of blasts. If you remark this, these hard-working engineers will tell you that this is nothing to what it will be; they have only begun. If they knew how to advertise they would talk differently.

I saw Culebra as the French company left it, and when I saw it again in January the results of the constant excavation were very evident. In this connection, I trust that I did not give an impression in my first article that the excavating done under Mr. Wallace was so much waste. It was decidedly to the good,



THE SPADE OF THE ISTHMUS

One of the American steam shovels taking out rock on the Bas Obispo cut



JOHN F. STEVENS

Chief Engineer of the Isthmian Canal Commission

in that the earth that he moved is so much earth out of the way; only his policy was wrong in trying to make a record for the present at the expense of the future.

Those who report no progress could not have visited the machine shops, where elaborate machinery had to be set up on concrete bases; they could not have seen the tracks laid under the broiling sun, or the reservoirs for Panama and Colon, or the water-works for the two cities, or the sewerage systems for Panama, or the new piers and railroad yards beyond Cristobal, or the thousands upon thousands of tons of material that have been landed and sent to the parts where needed along the line, or the barracks for Americans erected and in course of erection, or the laborers' quarters built and repaired and furnished, when most of the food consumed as well as the material had to be brought from home.

All this has been done, with a base of supplies two thousand miles away, in less time than it takes to build a modern battleship with the base of supplies at the shipyard's door. For the spade that is needed for this ditch is a complex thing of thousands of machines, which will require fifty or sixty thousand laborers to handle. There is no use of bringing the laborers until the machines are on hand and set up and there are sanitary lodgings for everybody.

We had to make the army for the task, and a sorry lot of privates and non-commissioned officers we had at the outset. If the rainy season has presented some surprises to the average engineer, it is nothing beside the incapacity and languor of the West Indian laborer according to the American standard. We have had to give up altogether the idea of negro foremen. All work that requires skill and direction must be done by white men.

Weeding Out Employees

A skilled American workman with a family at home, well paid in a time of prosperity, is not going to face yellow fever and malaria for slightly increased wages.

There is no doubt that in the early days we had carpenters who had never held a plane and machinists who had never stood at a lathe. It is also true that they were chosen by civil service rules. Where the hiatus between theory and practice lay I do not know. You will have to ask Washington.

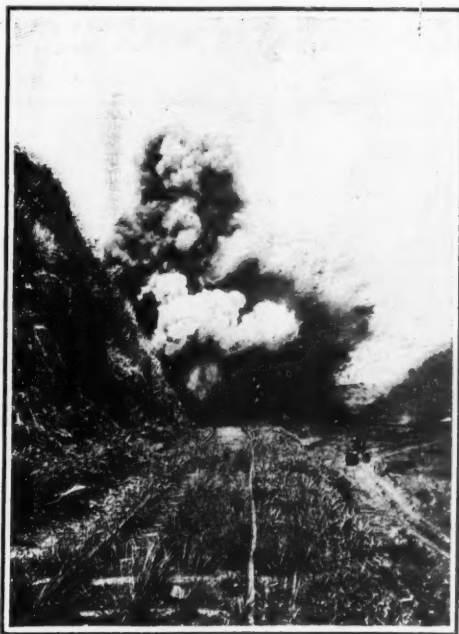
In the organization of a new work, where the best of assistance was needed, the worst possible was furnished. I have heard no two opinions on this subject from men who were on the spot at the time. Of course, not all the applicants were bad. There were many good men who still remain, and are the more valuable because of their experience. But in the early days many who went had no intention of staying. They wanted a sea voyage and a vacation. Others were of the type who get cold feet as soon as they are out of woolen socks and away from a steam radiator. They found the "grub poor," although it was the same fare as the men who were drawing the highest pay on the Isthmus were eating. Naturally, the "sooners" were attracted, as they always are, to the rainbow's end, which never materializes.

To illustrate the meaning of early conditions in the working out of details in any department, let us suppose that a carpenter who had never held a plane was given a half dozen negro laborers and the material to build a four-room cottage. At home you could count upon its being finished in a certain number of days. Not so on the Isthmus, where everything, from such small affairs to the large ones of transport, is not a calculable quantity.

To-day there is a good set of men; the army is nearly made. They are generally satisfied with their quarters and food, and are confident and optimistic. They believe in Mr. Stevens, and faith in your leader is a valuable asset in any field force. If you want practical views you will get them from the steam-shovel man, who is always bred of a race of kings. It is he who directs this diabolical machine which applies itself to dirt and rock with almost human intelligence and does the work of a hundred blacks without perspiring or getting the malaria, as automatically it dumps dipperful after dipperful of earth into the car.

"John F. ain't much on style, but he's h— on work," said one of these men to me. "You notice the

way the old girl here does just what I tell her. But she's a tough one. You've got to know how to handle her. Well, John F. has a tough job and he knows how to handle it. If they don't send too many advisory boards in white helmets down here to sprinkle perfume water and to go home and write books on why they disagree, and he doesn't have to run up to Washington to answer questions too often, and they tell him



BLASTING NEAR EMPIRE

In the foreground an old French track. The laying of tracks for the disposal of dirt requires more work than the actual excavation

the kind of canal they want—that's important, all right—John F. and the old girl here will dig it." Whereat, by way of emphasis, the "old girl" lifted half a ton of rock in her steel teeth and dropped it on the dump car as easily as you would put a lump of sugar in your coffee.

A truer test of his professional qualities than popularity is the opinion of the engineers and their assistants. It struck me that their enthusiasm for him amounted to more than professional loyalty, having that basis of professional admiration whose value the man in the ranks of any other profession will understand. Of course, I know a year ago Wallace was considered the heaven-born man for the job. The pessimists suggest that possibly another year may also find Stevens wanting. However, there is no gainsaying that when he came into office in the rainy season things were in disorder, and that he had improved conditions before the arrival of the dry season. We must bear in mind that the first Walker Commission, as the result of whose judgment we chose the Panama route, said that two years' preparation would be necessary before the dirt began to fly. The amount of excavation is greater for the time elapsed than they anticipated.

Views of the Veterans

Among my fellow passengers on the steamer to Colon were a number of men who were returning to their work. Some of them were shrewd, unprejudiced observers. After they had been back a few days on the Isthmus they agreed that during the six or eight weeks of their absence the improvement in every direction had been amazing. The situation is such to-day that improvement is easily apparent. For months at the outset of the work this was not true, a factor which has

helped to give Wallace more than his due of blame. When you pass the spot day after day where they are laying the foundations of a skyscraper, you wonder if the building is ever going to arise. Once it starts, progress is daily noticeable. We are approaching the same state on the Canal Zone.

Where the cry six months ago on the Isthmus was for more material, it is now for more labor, as a rule. The material is arriving. There is all the difference between the new and the old situation that there is between an army that is short of food and ammunition and an army that has plenty.

Before I started for the Isthmus a Washingtonian reminded me that I was bound to find "copy" there, because "we had been at the thing almost two years, and it was time for a scandal." We are living in an age of revelations, and he spoke cynically and in keeping with its spirit. He had in view the unprecedented opportunity for political humbuggery and graft in the expenditure of \$150,000,000 to \$200,000,000 in a tropical country two thousand miles away, which the genius of the plum tree could not fail to improve. Congress also had this in view when, early in the session, it balked a little at the urgency appropriation for which Secretary Taft asked.

Is It a Republican Canal?

Some Republicans were for making an investigation at once, lest the scandal should grow larger. Other Republicans said that the party would be investigating itself if it investigated the Canal. Many Democrats were in favor of keeping their hands off until the sore was ripe for opening on the approach of the next National election. Meanwhile, all through December, Washington sent out poisoned darts of information in the way of news items indicating mismanagement, if not graft, in Canal affairs. It is beside the mark now whether these arose from the play of party politics or from interests which still hope to prevent the severing of the Isthmus. The President gave every one the opportunity to have his say when he put the matter before the people by himself calling for an investigation.

It may be time for a scandal, but there is none as far as I can find. Its absence is due, it seems to me, almost wholly to the President's initiative at the outset of the work, and Secretary Taft's steady watchfulness. In nothing has Roosevelt's energy, his honesty, and the intelligence which enables him to act honestly been of greater service to the Nation.

"There will be no glory for anybody connected with the Canal," said an old Senator who has been hardened by many investigations, "except for those who are in office on the day of its opening."

Many an enemy of the President has hoped that the Isthmus would be the grave of his popularity. He realized at the outset that the Canal was the greatest work of his administration, and he concluded that it should be built without graft, and as a business and not as a political proposition. His first fight was for the centralization of authority, which is essential for the efficient performance of any task.

He wanted to choose the best engineers and then bid them go ahead. This was an expert task for experts to perform. He turned to the giants who have conquered the vast distances of our country, and have had charge of great engineering enterprises for our corporations.

These men knew nothing of politics, although the railroad presidents and boards of directors whom they served may have known a great deal. There was a hard school of practical experience, in which they were judged by economy of working costs and efficiency of results alone. In charge of the railroad, with its intimate connection with ocean-going traffic, is a man who had charge of the Norfolk & Western at Norfolk; in charge of material and supplies, a former general storekeeper of the Great Northern, and these appointments represent the whole principle of selection.

However technical a work may be, you can judge the efficiency of the force by the men on the job. Untrained observation will readily discern whether they are given more to industry or the consumption of cocktails. Familiar as I was with the lassitude produced by tropical climates on Government employees, I went to the Isthmus prepared to make some allowance.

My first surprise on landing was the energy and spirit shown on every hand. The atmosphere was that of the



ON THE SLOPES OF CULEBRA

Negro drillers at work. Much of the material in the big cut is rock which requires blasting



AN OUT-OF-DATE METHOD

Compare this old French excavator, which we used at first, with the American steam shovel on page 14

West. The only people I did not see at work besides the native Panamanians were the landlords of Colon, to whom I paid my respects in the previous article. They sat watching the soldiers hurry by and growling because the column made so much dust.

I missed at once the worthless relative or henchman of the politician who is always following the flag. As a dumping-place for such patriots, the Canal is as appealing as an Asiatic consulate. We had scores of this kind in the early days in the Philippines, and we had beach-combers, too. Taft had the courage to apply the principle that a drunken and worthless American is not entitled to a living and all kinds of personal license, just because he is a white man living in a tropical country. That is why the talk around the saloons is sometimes aimed at the Secretary.

There are a few political favorites, of course, but their number is so small and they are so placed that they are incapable of blocking the wheels. Of course, the Western railroad man has no use for them; he has no use for anybody that does not work. Here he has run counter to the civil service rules, which are meant to secure industrious men, but which are frequently misinterpreted by the men who pass the examination to mean that one has an easy berth for life.

On the Great Northern or the Northern Pacific, when a man is lazy or incompetent, he is told to look for a job elsewhere. You can imagine the engineer's disgust when he finds that the lazy man is protected by rules and regulations in his favor.

A steam-shovel man or a trackman or master mechanic is chosen now because his immediate superior knows that he is a good steam-shovel man or a good trackman or a good master mechanic. This has led to the charge, on the part of discharged employees, that unless you had worked for certain railroads you could not hope to get a good position on the Isthmus. I did not find it borne out by the facts, for I met employees from every part of the country and heard no such gen-

eral complaint. An executive inevitably wants around him men with whom he has worked before.

"The thing is to keep the good men with us, wherever they are from," said one of the engineers. "I coaxed two of my own old assistants down here. I warned them to take it easy for the first few days, but they jumped in with Northern energy, as we all do. You can keep it up pretty well, too, if you wait till you are hardened. The sun gave them a headache, and they were disgusted with negro labor, and said they had made up their minds to quit at the start, which would be fairer to me than to quit after they were worked in and I was depending on them. They said it might be

work centres at these two points, where Poultney Bigelow went to see the steam shovels at work. The two do not work in the same place. My own impression was that the stenographers had little time for studying the wall-paper. One who returned to the Isthmus on the same steamer with me I found in Panama pounding a typewriter the afternoon of our arrival.

The head of every department must make reports; he must keep copies of his letters for record and reference. That kind of red-tapism which delays action has been pretty well eliminated. In looking over the paper work of the Bureau of Material and Supply, I noticed the reports that the head of the department received each day from his responsible assistants.

I learned, for example, from the storekeeper at La Boca that there had been "no delays of note" on December 13 in discharging the cargo of the steamer *Chiswick* "except a twenty-minute wait for switching." On another day, sixty-four laborers had been discharged peremptorily by an assistant for "refusing to work in mud and water." These quotations indicate that we have not developed the *mañana* habit on the Isthmus.

Whether it was the head of a department or a division engineer, or one of the young fellows just out of school, who was carrying a rod,

I found on the Isthmus a spirit not regulated by salary alone. Many of the men are there because they wanted to be connected with the great work. They seem to have caught the Rooseveltian energy and enthusiasm.

I have seen many vast Government undertakings where hasty preparation faced new conditions, and I want to say to those who sit at home and have never felt the tropical sun, and have been used to having the railroad and the hotel and the desk always ready, and who do not know what it is to take them with you and set them up in a strange land, that if the experience of one traveler counts for anything, we are doing this work well.



BUNGALOWS OF THE ENGINEERING FORCE AT EMPIRE

an honor to be connected with such a great undertaking as the Canal, as I told them; but home for theirs. Of course, they were the type which need never want for work at good wages. I had them just long enough to realize how valuable to me they would be."

Whether the employees on the Isthmus come from particular railroads or from all railroads, the question to the eighty million stockholders is: Are they making good? Or, is there an element of truth in the smart saying of the Colon saloons that "further excavation is reported with the arrival of every new consignment of typewriters"? There are a number of typewriters in Colon, and there is a din of clicking keys in the Administration Building at Panama. All the stenographic

THE DONAGHUE LUCK

By KATE JORDAN

MAGGIE'S LOVE AFFAIR IS PROMOTED BY A PEARL BRACELET

MAGGIE had unmasked more of her inner self to Tillie Wilson than to any other human being. The friendship had begun in Tillie's intense admiration of Maggie's beauty, for she was plain and a little lame, and Maggie's face was of flower-like delicacy and coloring. It was the most ideal form of beauty worship, which sways women for women in every class.

At half-past seven on a gray, slushy February morning, the two were arm in arm, hastening along lower Broadway. Brown paper packages tucked under their arms held their lunch; the dull expression that was part of the treadmill of their working days was in their unexpectant eyes.

"Didn't Kelly look grand yesterday?" Tillie said after a silence. "Did you notice his red scarf, Maggie?"

Life flamed into Maggie's face for a moment, vanished, and left her pale, her eyes lowered.

"Yes. I like a touch of red on dark gentlemen," said Maggie.

She sighed a little, and Tillie looked at her wistfully. There was a second best pleasure in discussing the love interests of other people when you had none of your own.

"Have you got over carin', Maggie?" she asked, as she limped briskly.

"Tryin' to," said Maggie thickly.

"Ain't it funny?" Tillie exclaimed; "I should think he'd be crazy about you. There ain't one to touch you in the hull fact'ry."

"Oh, Tillie—" Maggie objected, with a flickering, pleased smile.

"There ain't. You're the prettiest. One day last week at lunch we drew to see who was thought to be the belle. There was two fools wrote down Thekla Lundgrun's name, and Mamie Bryan wrote her own," she giggled. "I could tell, I found the piece—she was wild; but you got the hull bunch. An' yet Jim Kelly—"

"Ain't got an eye fer me," said Maggie passionately. "Oh, I'd die, Tillie, if anybody 'cept you knew I cared. If you ever tell—"

"May God strike me dead," said Tillie, and pressed Maggie's arm for more confidences.

"When I think," said Maggie fiercely, "what a fool I been. We Donaghues are said to be lucky. Papa sez that in Ireland there's a sayin' about the Donaghue luck. Well, some of us get it—see how easy Joe got on the force, and Katie's husband with his own milk route now—but I guess it skipped me."

"Ain't it funny?" Tillie murmured with helpless awe.

"Yest'day," Maggie continued in the tone of one supping sorrow, "when I saw Kelly comin' toward me I begun shakin' and tremblin' like a fool. All he said was: 'Miss Donaghue, you're not turnin' out your



Jealousy took possession of Maggie's sick heart

work as careful as I like. Go over these here boxes again and don't skimp the gum on the flaps." Then he chuckled the hull business in front of me, pulled his black mustache, and went and talked, all smiles, to Thekla Lundgrun."

"Bein' brunette, I guess he favors blondes."

"Oh, God, I hate him sometimes. An' as fer Thekla Lundgrun—I'd like to pull the yeller pompadour off her, make her shut her jaw, an' quit grinnin' at him."

Maggie pulled a handkerchief from her satchel and pushed it up under her dotted veil. Her eyes were a vivid violet of the Irish variety, with intense upper and under lashes and mauve shadows on the lids; there was a dust of fine freckles across her small, delicate nose. She was very pretty in a soft, appealing, childish way. A wild, wasted love, tears at night, jealousy and heart-burning had made faint hollows in her cheeks and given soul to her blue, unthinking stare.

"That fortune-teller on Grand Street's a liar," she said after a pause; "I wisht I had my fifty cents back. 'Two gent'men are in love with you,' she sez as glib as you please. 'One's light an' you don't care fer him,' she sez, 'the other's dark, an' while he pretends indifference, he's really crazy about you. Don't make a hasty choice. The cards say 'wait an' hope,' for the dark gent'man of very high position is lookin' towards you.' An' I was a fool an' believed her."

"Of course, the light one is Chris Schmit. I knew that when you told me before—"

"An' the dark one I thought for sure was Kelly, from the 'high station,' for the foreman of the hull fact'ry is high enough for me."

"You might get to love Chris?" ventured Tillie.

Maggie shrugged and looked dismal: "I guess he'll ask me for the las' time on Sat'day, when he takes me to see, 'A Sinless Secret.' Maybe if I don't take him I'll never get a chance to marry anybody. Oh, if only Chris was Jim Kelly."

As they turned from Broadway into Prince Street Tillie gave a skip ahead. Maggie was looking down. She paused. Something white had gleamed in the mud of the gutter. She darted to it, and because it was a "find" closed her hand upon it without a word to Tillie or even a furtive examination.

A short way down the side street they reached the big building where doorways, even at this early hour, were belching paper boxes tied in bulk.

"I'm goin' to Frenchy's for a piece of pie," said Tillie. "I'm goin' to be good to myself to-day."

She limped on, and Maggie was alone in the hallway waiting for the elevator to take her to the top floor. She had the space to herself and could examine her "find" to her satisfaction. It looked to her a bangle of wax beads made of half a dozen strands, the clasp a large, colored button with a woman's head on it, set in

rhinestones. Smeared with mud, it seemed scarcely pretty, and Maggie's beautiful nose crinkled in disdain. "I wish it was a chain with crystals set in between the beads like Mamie Bryan's. Chains are all the go." Well, anyway, I can make this into a chain. There's plenty of it."

By this time she heard the elevator descending. The man in charge was an old negro. This contrast in color had been found necessary by the owners of the paper-box factory, the opportunities for flirtation between a dashing Irishman, or a sentimental German, and a pretty box-maker, while the elevator was held up in an aerial privacy between floors, having been found irresistible.

She heard Sam's song above, and, miserable though she was, found herself humming it aimlessly as the rope in a large loop dipped lower and lower, while the song grew stronger:

"Dar's no hidin' place down yeah—
Hallelujah!
Dar's no hidin' place down yeah—
Hallelujah!
I flew to de rocks to hide my face;
De rocks cried out—'No hidin' place!'
Dar's no hidin' place down yeah."

The metal door was pushed back with a clang and the wrinkled, black face smiled pleasantly at Maggie. "Early again, Miss Don'hue. 'Pears yuh don' nebber oversleep yuh'self. Cayn't say dat fer others."

"I ain't in a hurry, Sam," Maggie said, as she stepped in. "You kin wait till Tillie Wilson comes. It'll save you a trip."

"Jes' yuh say, Miss Don'hue. Pullin' on this rope ain't as easy as it looks nohow."

Maggie seated herself on the wooden bench and rested her head against the knitted wire of the cage. In spite of her recent wise conclusion she was dreaming with the usual sick longing of Jim Kelly's face. Her love for him was an obsession. It was the passion of an ignorant mind, founded in a strong physical magnetism which forgives everything and asks for nothing but the privilege of owning and worshipping. To be Jim Kelly's wife, though he became a drunkard, or an abusive tyrant, would not have meant complete unhappiness; there would always have been the one unalterable kernel of contentment: he was Jim Kelly, and he was hers.

"Yuh know y' ain't de fust in to-day, Miss Don'hue," Sam continued. "'Long about ten minutes ago came Mr. Kelly, lookin' like new paint, an' whistlin' to mos' bust hisself. He haid some flowe's en his han' an' I ben tryin' to elucidate to myse'f who dose dar flowe's war for," said Sam, grinning.

This information had an overwhelming effect on Maggie. She saw the picture with bitter clearness, her intuition supplying details not furnished by Sam; Jim Kelly in his new, brown chevot suit, with red tie, his brown eyes happy as he bore up flowers to Thekla Lundgrun. An acid seemed stealing into her blood which burned her heart. She recognized with newer, keener sharpness that she was a beggar at a feast of love set out for another. Still, she loved so absorbingly, with such dark, bitter pain, there was something of the frenzy of the monk who ecstatically flays himself in the instinct which prompted the next words:

"I guess I'll go on up, Sam, without Tillie. I want to write a letter before I go to work."

As the cage rose upward her heart began to beat suffocatingly. She was very pale as she stepped into the big, bare workroom, where the radiators were clicking under the rush of fresh steam. She gave an eager, circular glance as she passed to the cloak room and paused half-way. Jim Kelly was not in the place. He was probably in the preparing room on the floor below. She saw an evidence of his presence, however, in the bunch of Jacqueminot roses on the Swedish forewoman's desk. Maggie tiptoed over to these, her eyes like a hunter's, and there saw another evidence of Kelly's late presence. On a large sheet of foolscap these words were written:

"Love, friendship, hatred, indifference, marriage, etc.

THEKLA LUNDGRUN—Marriage.
JIM KELLY —Love.

"DEAR TEKKE—You see from the above that I got as far as the love in my name, from the crosses, and the marriage will come on all right if you promise to give that Dutch letter the shake. If you wear the flowers to-day it will mean that you will come with me to the Letter Carriers' Social to-night, and that the Irish ain't going to get the marble heart. Yours, JIM."

Jealousy took possession of Maggie's sick heart. It was like the entrance of a devil who sought to destroy. Her sight thickened; for a moment she was blind, but she felt her hand fasten upon the paper and crush it to a ball.

She found herself in the cloak room without being conscious how she had reached it, and there was ecstasy in tearing Jim Kelly's confession of love to shreds. She was not aware of any fixed plan; she did not expect any momentous outcome from the theft; it was possible she might be found out and accused; she had no defence ready. When Tillie and a few of her other companions entered, they found her putting on her working blouse, looking quite as usual except that she was more than ordinarily pale. She showed them the bead bracelet she had found, and the strands were criticised as being very nice of their sort, but not nearly as "swell" as if they had been crystals.

"I'd rather the crystals, too," said Maggie, "because in the gaslight they're as good as diamonds."

"Still, these ain't to be sneezed at, Maggie. I kin tell you," said Tillie. "When the mud's offer 'em and you string 'em, they'll make a grand chain to wear with your white point d'espreze."

Maggie slipped the bracelet into her pocket without much interest. She was anxious to get to her work-table and with a heart partially satisfied watch Jim

Kelly and the forewoman. For a while, at any rate, he would look in vain for the flowers in her gown, before an explanation made his happiness complete again and destroyed her small revenge.

"Goin' to the Letter Carriers' to-night?" Mamie Bryan asked as they crossed the workroom.

"No," said Maggie shortly.

"There's Chris Schmit smilin' at you," said Mamie.

Maggie looked toward the row of workmen at the window, and gave a wan smile to a fair, thin young man of about her own age. He sent her a look of imploring love, though his greeting was a facetious, fishy wave of the hand, as if it were a huge fin.

"Why don't you ask Chris to take you?"

"I don't want to go," Maggie said wearily, and added in her heart, "with Chris."

She had seated herself at her table, the first stack of cut pasteboard for the boxes before her, when Thekla Lundgrun came in. She was a tall, robust young woman with the radiant pink and white skin of the Swede; her blond hair was like coils of new rope upon her head, and almost a white fuzz at her ears and the back of her neck. In her fawn-colored mackintosh, severe black hat, and heavy dogskin gloves, she was as correctly gowned for the dark, damp morning as if she had started on a shopping tour from Murray Hill.

She was one of an amazing type—the woman laborer in America's large towns, whose selection in clothes and whose grace and neatness in wearing them are not

words. But, on the other hand, the excellent opinion he had of himself forbade this, and counseled an airy indifference and silence. But he ached to be revenged by parading this indifference visibly.

As he passed Maggie's table toward the close of the afternoon, her eyes met his. For the first time her beauty reached out and touched him. The excitement and nervousness of the day had set points of light in her eyes, and the pink spots in her cheeks gave a glow her pensive face had lacked for months.

Kelly had divined that she was "mashed" on him, but this knowledge had merely fed the flame before his own shrine without attracting him to her. She was so quiet and timid when he spoke to her, she did not show to advantage. He liked a girl with "snap and go," one to joke with him, and "give him as good as he sent," to make fond, alluring eyes at him while the lips uttered pert challenge and broadsides of mockery. However, he saw in Maggie to-day a means to an end; the end was the annihilation of Miss Lundgrun.

"I'll show her," he thought, as his resolve deepened.

In the mental picture following he saw Thekla (when on the morrow, properly subdued by the thought of having so nearly lost him, she had dismissed the letter carrier) saying to him with a long, sleepy side glance:

"You're the limit, Jim. Didn't you know I was only throwing ice for fun?"

As Maggie pasted the last flap Kelly approached her, turned his black eyes on her, and twisted his mustache in his most subjugating manner:

"You're going to the Letter Carriers' Social to-night, Miss Donaghue?"

"No," Maggie faltered, a hope too marvelous for belief softening her eyes to a beseeching beauty.

"Oh, that's too bad. It's goin' to be grand, they say—McNulty's orchestra. May I have the pleasure of escorting you?"

The impossible had happened. Though Maggie knew the reasons which had brought this happiness to her, she snatched it defiantly. When he had gone, after arranging to call for her at eight o'clock, she flew to the cloak room, breathless. She hugged the bare fact that he had asked her to go, no matter how or why. There was rapture in her soul, as if her world had burst into flower, and the passionate sweetness made her brain swim.

The bracelet was clasped around Maggie's long glove at the Social. With washing, the lustre of the strand of beads had come out and shone against the white suede with milky softness and the shine of satin. She danced steadily with Jim Kelly, and while she could feel that he was restless and absent-minded, it was a satisfaction to know they danced perfectly together.

Maggie could see Thekla Lundgrun's resentment; it took the form of a boisterous, fierce flirtation with the letter carrier and of an up-lifted chin when she and Kelly touched hands in the ladies' chain, or moved before each other in the *deux à deux*. During these passages Kelly's back seemed padded with buckram and his expression was "splendidly null."

In order to "make talk," Maggie, as they walked about between waltzes, told him about finding the "bangle." He examined the strands critically and said with the superb calm which seemed to rise from the depths of an infallible knowledge:

"They look all right. But you kin always tell these beads are made of wax or somethin'. They don't look a bit like real pearls—that is, to any one who's a judge."

Maggie thrilled a worshipful assent and was silent. Jim Kelly knew everything. She looked up at his straight profile with the sweep of silky mustache, and thought with a pang of self-pity her delight could not last much longer. With to-morrow her triumph would end. Thekla Lundgrun was not one to "let go" without knowing why. There would be reproaches, an explanation, followed by all the delicious details of making up. The end was inevitable. Still Maggie clutched at the present glamour and ecstasy, and as she two-stepped till she was dizzy in Kelly's arms, to the tune of

"Mr. Dooley, Mr. Dooley,
He's the finest man the country ever knew,"

she tried to think this was to last forever and there was to be no dividing to-morrow.

Kelly's thoughts were quite different. He felt he had failed in what he had endeavored. There was no regret or chagrin in Thekla's face or bearing, and she did look "grand." She was the only girl in the room wearing a low-necked gown; the others, though in light-colored fabrics, wore collars as high as those on street gowns.

Thekla was advanced, had a natural cleverness, and was born with the stripe in her which makes the leader. In being a target for whispered criticisms, in finding every eye fixed on her, some bewildered, some disapproving, some awe-struck, as she moved about with her broad shoulders bare and snowy white, she was a sensation. Sentences from some of the serial stories she loved in "The Chimney Nook," where the hero (generally an earl) was busily engaged through



"May I have the pleasure of escorting you?"

thirty-six chapters in saving the heroine (generally a farmer's daughter) from every variety of villainous plot and awful death, occurred to her and filled her with triumph:

"As the fair, sweet, golden-haired young girl in her simple white muslin gown, with just one great, pink-hearted rose resting against her shell-like ear, glided among the splendid through where great jewels blazed like drops of molten fire, and heavy, bloody roses pulsed their sweetness upon the heated air, every woman there hated her for her fresh bewildering loveliness, while every man felt his senses reel at one glance from her sapphire eyes. Sweet, humble little Daffodil—only a factory girl! Fortune had not lavished its golden gifts upon her, but she had one marvelous possession—a beauty to drive men mad!"

The factory girls and farmers' daughters had every thing their own way in these throbbing tales—all the beauty, all the charm—and however much they asked with upraised eyes "for love, only love," they always landed a ducal estate in the last chapter.

Since the opulent Thekla was the belle and glowed with the triumph born of this fact, it was natural that in Kelly's mind Maggie, with her high-throated gown and shy, blue eyes, made shyer by love, suffered by contrast. He grew very tired of the game he was playing, and was one of the first to leave, confiding to Maggie that he had a headache.

She left him with an amiable obedience to put on her outdoor things, but she knew what the "headache" meant; she had had her hour and had failed. It was over. But though she might marry Chris Schmit, settle into Chris's ideal *hausfrau*, and have a dozen children, this radiant hour, in the long after years, would never be forgotten. She knew this as she put on her hat and made her defeated way homeward, almost without speaking, by Kelly's side.

After a wakeful night Kelly rose very early. He was nervously anxious to get to the factory and have it out with Thekla.

"Say what you like, she's the girl for me," he thought.

"There ain't one to touch her. She's got such a dash to her. She's got such a comical tongue in her head, too. Why, Thekla could cheek the President and laugh it off with him. As for Maggie Donaghue, she's got no more ginger nor sand than a sick kitten."

He was first at the boarding-house table. As he ate his breakfast, he looked over a sensational morning paper, whose shrieking columns were usually his delight. But his mind was so filled with the urgency of his own love affair, and of the importance of Jim Kelly to the universe, that he glanced down the illustrated, adjectival space of "startling divorces," "devastating floods," "unparalleled robberies," etc., without a throb of real interest. But one heading roused a slack attention, which quickened as he read:

**"MRS. LISPENARD VAN CORLEAR'S LOSS!
A BRACELET OF PRICELESS PEARLS
OF MARVELOUS HISTORY
ONCE OWNED BY THE BEAUTIFUL
DUCHESS DE LAMPELLE
LOST!
ON THE WAY FROM SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT.
ENORMOUS REWARD OFFERED."**

Underneath a full description of the bracelet was given, and these words made Jim Kelly move to the edge of his chair:

"There are six strands of these beautiful, perfectly matched pearls, each as round as a small sphere. The fastening is unique; it is a small miniature on ivory of the Duchesse de Lampelle, who was a maternal ancestress of Mrs. Van Corlear's, and the miniature is surrounded by small, perfectly white diamonds. The bracelet is of tremendous value in the money sense and invaluable as an heirloom. The return of the bracelet will mean a reward of \$3,000 to the lucky finder. An advertisement of this reward will be found in our regular column."

As Kelly hurried to a car his thoughts were no longer wholly of the blond and brilliant Thekla. He felt positive that Maggie Donaghue had worn a large fortune on her right arm the night before in the form of Mrs. Van Corlear's bracelet, and because he was frail and human, and Jim Kelly, Maggie had now a cardinal place in his consideration. He did not think of her any more as "a sick kitten," but as a personage soon to be the possessor of a three-thousand-dollar halo.

He hoped he would meet her before she had seen the paper. The fact that she was secretly in love with him gave him in a sense a proprietorship in directing this affair. He longed to get to the factory first to "break"

it to her with all the mystery and hyperbole so dear to the Irish imagination, when it holds a startling piece of news in fee. He felt he *ought* to be the first. He would also arrange about the return of the pearls and see that the reward was paid her.

When he entered the workroom, hope fled and chagrin gnawed him. His "occupation was gone," in fact it had not for a second existed. He found Maggie the centre of a crowd of girls all talking at one time, and diving at Maggie with little hysterical shrieks and hugs.

"Look how easy she takes it!" one declaimed in a frenzy; "Lord! If it was me, I'd raise the roof."

"I'm all goose-flesh—feel me!"

"Maggie—Maggie!"

"Oh, ain't it wonderful? Just like a story!" said Tillie.

"Grand!"

"Say, do you see her doin' the elegant on Broadway?"

"An' she was sayin' she liked Mamie's beads with the crystals better!"



Maggie was the centre of a crowd of girls all talking at one time

These words brought a shriek of derisive laughter and an ecstatic exclamation from nearly the dozen throats: "MAGGIE!"

As Kelly closed the door and came toward them the girls gave each other secret signals of his approach. Silence fell upon them and they trailed to their worktables. Maggie stood alone for a second, the haze and dream in her eyes. She was about to follow the others when Kelly spoke to her:

"So you saw the paper, Miss Donaghue?"

"Oh, yes," said Maggie.

"Well, you're in luck. Permit me to congratulate you. Three thousand dollars ain't picked up so easy once in a thousand years."

"No," said Maggie with a long, excited sigh.

Kelly gave her what he believed to be a sweet, sad smile.

"May one as poor as yours truly assist you in rakin' in the coin? In other words, shall I write to Mrs. Van Corlear and tell her? Or you and me might go together, and get a squint at her house that way. They say it's grand."

"My brother Joe wrote before eight o'clock this mornin'."

"Oh, indeed?"

"He asked Mrs. Van Corlear to call this evenin', or said I'd go and see her."

"Oh, indeed. Evidently I'm not wanted—sort o' 'keep off the premises.' But may I ask you," and Kelly looked tenderly anxious, "have you put the bracelet in a safe place, Miss Donaghue?"

"Oh, yes," said Maggie.

"Ladies," said Kelly impressively, "are so careless about valuables. May I ask *where* you've put it for safety?"

Maggie blushed and stood silent.

"I—" she said, and blushed more.

"Excuse me," said Kelly with a sudden divination.

"You're quite excusable," Maggie stammered and walked dubiously from him.

He was sure the pearls were safe.

During six weeks following, surprise followed surprise. For twenty-two years Maggie's life had flowed like a drab current between flat, brackish banks, but the current had been twisted out of its course and had borne her over diamonded, rippling waves to the shores of a land of magic. For twenty-two years nothing had happened. Now everything was happening; at least everything that ought to happen to a heroine was pouring in a golden rain upon her.

She had three thousand dollars in the bank.

Her picture had been in several morning papers. She had left the factory.

She was going on the stage.

The story of the bracelet had made a stir in the ad-junct press because of the large reward and because Maggie, in the innocence of her heart, had worn it as "a bead bangle," but most of all because in a way Mrs. Van Corlear had taken Maggie up. This young society woman was original, impulsive, wayward, and kind-hearted. Her impudent, witty sayings were quoted everywhere; her whimsies were constantly startling her set; she was pioneer in every fashion and fad; an eager searcher after new sensations, and given to laughing in her sleeve at the starched conservatism of her "early Dutch" relatives. Her first impression when she saw Maggie was amazement at her innocent, lovely face; her second was a rush of pity as she looked at her cheap gloves and patched coat.

"A little Greuze face," she thought, "with Irish coloring, a tired body, a hungry little soul."

Mrs. Van Corlear's manner, which Maggie described to the girls in the factory as "free and easy, and not a bit of side to her," won Maggie to speaking of her life, her hopes, ambitions, and sadnesses. Mrs. Van Corlear saw that she was just like herself and like most women in pining for the flesh-pots of Vanity Fair. This gave her a perverse inspiration. What if she gave Maggie a brief taste of the great world, and in doing this bit of brilliant charity amuse herself by shocking those she delighted to shock? So it came about.

In experimenting with Maggie's impressions Mrs. Van Corlear had taken her once to the opera in her first low-necked gown; once to Delmonico's; once behind her perfectly matched bays in the park. Maggie had lent herself to this patronage, but she did not enjoy it. She was too independent to like having the microscope leveled at her as if she were a strange bug, though the hand which turned the lens was a very gentle and exquisite one. But she did not regret the experience, for out of it her most brilliant good fortune had come. The East Side beauty who had found a historic bracelet, and who later had sat in Mrs. Van Corlear's opera box, gowned in a "creation," had attracted the far-sighted Jewish manager of a Bowery theatre, and he had offered to star her in "Goldie, the Telephone Girl."

Mrs. Van Corlear had also made her an offer—to send her to a high school, later to college, and make her her secretary afterward. But Maggie, before whom Fortune seemed emptying cornucopias of good things, chose the theatre.

She had also chosen Jim Kelly; he was another of the good things.

He was not entirely mercenary. His point of view had altered as Maggie became a different person. The pale, lovesick girl who had been apt to "skimp the gum on the flaps" was gone. Maggie was now one singled out by Fortune to a golden future, a high place. She was an heiress, soon to be an actress, and her pictures in the papers had been seen by hundreds of thousands of people. Then the magical cosmetic which good luck carries with it had turned Maggie from a pretty girl into a real beauty. She had a new expression, a new undulating walk, and broad a's rippled frequently from her lips, which she had begun to leave poutingly open, after the manner of Mrs. Van Corlear.

It was not likely that Kelly would forget or ignore the fact that the humble Maggie had loved him, and that maybe the translated, illuminated edition de luxe of the same girl might be his if he sued humbly.

He was very humble. One night, after seeing Chauncey Olcott and having oysters on the way home, he urged his cause. He was very uncertain of the answer. Maggie wore a picture hat and looked at him critically. She loved him, but she was only a faulty human being, and there were so many slights to be paid back.

"I don't know as we could get along," said Maggie impersonally, lowering her eyes so the length of her lashes would show.

"Oh, Maggie, if you'd only try me," said Kelly; "the proof of the pudding is the eating."

"But after it's et?" said Maggie with a shrug, bending forward on her high heels. "How do I know you ain't really in love with Thekla Lundgrun still?"

"Her?" Kelly exclaimed. "Well, I don't want to brag—a gent'man can't—but if I'd wanted to—well, nuf said. Thekla's engaged to that Dutch letter carrier, and no one is gladder than yours truly."

"But do you think it would be sensible for you to marry an-actress?" Maggie continued impartially, as if she were speaking of some one quite apart from herself, though her heart was nervous with rapture at the thought that when her door was reached Kelly was going to kiss her.

"Why not?"

"You might get jealous. I'd have to let the actors make love to me."

"I kin take care of what belongs to me, and if one of those jays did anything 'cep' make believe, I'd bend his face." He drew her arm closer and looked under her picture hat. "I guess if we were married you wouldn't want to fall in love with any one else."

The door was reached. Maggie had loved Kelly for a long time, and she had no heart for a coquetry which delayed her happiness. She was on the step above him. His brown eyes, with real feeling in them, looked up at her.

"Say 'yes,' Maggie. You'll never be sorry. I ain't a man to go back on any one belongin' to me. Haven't I been good to my old mother?"

"Yes, you have." Maggie's head drooped. "Jim, I'll marry you. Oh, I love you, Jim."

When he had kissed her she looked at him anxiously.

"There's only one thing, Jim—we'll have to be mar-

to tie the knot. When you've made your hit on the stage and got known around and kin snap your fingers in that Sheeny manager's face, we'll let the cat out of the bag and get Father Clancy to finish the job."

This suggestion made Maggie's brain swim with joy. With a clandestine marriage added to her life's bewildering happenings she had nothing left to wish for.

"Yes," Kelly ruminated as he smoked on the back of a car going home, "that'll be best, and I am dead gone on her. Then if the worst comes and she's a frost on the stage, she's got the three thousand anyway."

Maggie lay long awake, a lamp beside her bed, as she studied the lines in the scene where the villain tries to throw little Goldie over the rapids. Her own happiness was so

intense she could not follow the action sensibly. The typewritten pages fell to the floor from her lax fingers, and she lay staring at the ceiling.

"Mrs. Kelly"—she sighed in rapture, "to-morrow—Mrs. Kelly. Then even if I don't make a hit as Goldie—I've got Jim."



Maggie lay long awake, staring at the ceiling

ried on the sly. The manager would be furious if he knew it. You see," said Maggie with a professional air, "married women don't draw for a cent."

Kelly looked thoughtful.

"I'll tell you," he said in a vigorous whisper, "to-morrow we'll get an alderman in Jersey City

THE PRIVATE BILL GRAFT IN CONGRESS

BY A MEMBER OF THE PRESS GALLERY

Showing the Development of the Art of Scientific Vote-Culture by Progressive Pension Treatments from the Treasury, which Keep the Voter Always Attached to His Congressman in the Hope of Favors to Come

AT the close of the Congressional day of Friday, February 16, there had been introduced in the House of Representatives 15,066 bills. Of these nearly thirteen thousand were what is known as "Private"; that is, they propose in some form or other, and for one purpose or another, to take money out of the Treasury and give it to private persons, organizations, or corporations. Nearly ninety-five hundred of them grant pensions or increase of pensions to persons who can not secure such benefit in the regular way through the Pension Bureau. Over two thousand seek to satisfy claims growing out of the Civil War, and about twelve hundred lay the foundation for future pension legislation through the Congressional straightening out of crooked military records. In the plain English of the day, practically the whole thirteen thousand are graft bills.

In the Senate, up to the same date, there had been introduced 4,484 bills, of which over 2,200 deal out graft directly in the form of pensions. Besides these, 1,146 provide "relief" for somebody, "relief" usually meaning money given in satisfaction of a claim coming under the class that has been uniformly rejected by the Court of Claims. Over 250 prepare the way for later bills giving pensions. Thus about 3,600 of the 4,484 Senate bills for the first two months of the session are propositions to pay Government money to constituents of the Senators.

All this means that more than five-sixths of the business of the House, and more than four-fifths of the business of the Senate, is not public but private legislation, and all aimed at the purchase of votes for the Senators and Representatives with public money. That, in a nutshell, is the meaning of the Private Bill Graft that is going on in Washington.

It is conceivable, of course, that among this mass of bills there are some that are not without merit, but a very brief examination of the general pension laws and the administration of the Pension Bureau will reveal a liberality on the part of the Government in the granting of pensions through the regular channels that compels a serious question as to the necessity or justification for all these special bills.

There are three general pension acts, with a host of amendments. The laws of July 14, 1862, and of March 3, 1873, provide for the granting of a pension to any soldier who incurred a disability in the line of duty, and continue it to his widow or minor children or his dependent parents. The only conditions are that the original pensioner must have been a soldier with a clean record, evidenced by an honorable discharge, and that

the disability was incident to the service. The act of January 27, 1890, known as the Dependent Pension Law, provides for the granting of a pension to any man who served ninety days in the army, navy, or marine corps, and was honorably discharged, and who, by reason of any disabilities of a permanent character, not due to vicious habits, even though not incident in any way to the service, is incapacitated from earning support by manual labor. Such pension is continued to the widow or other dependents, regardless of the cause of the original pensioner's death. If the soldier himself never applied for a pension, his widow or minor children may secure it after his death.

The numerous amendments of the original acts all tend to extend the liberality of the Government, and to increase the number of pensioners and the ease with which pensions may be obtained. To secure a pension under any one of these laws or amendments, it is only necessary for a person legally entitled to be pensioned

Every pension bill introduced in Congress means votes for the man who introduced it. That is the real reason it is introduced. It means not only the vote of the hopefully expectant beneficiary himself, but the votes of all whom he can influence. If the applicant is a woman, it means the votes of all the men she can claim as her friends. If any one doubts this, let him consult the bill record at the Capitol, and consider the difference in the number of pension bills introduced by the Member from a close district and those introduced by the Member who has no hard fight on for reelection. The more bills the more votes, and the greater the need for votes the greater the number of bills. It is never difficult to find men or women willing to benefit by such Congressional liberality.

The first thing that happens when a man or woman gets the pension desire is an application to the Pension Bureau. When that is rejected the next move is a request to the Congressman from the district to secure

the passage of a private bill. Very often it occurs that the application is rejected because the military record on which it is based does not fulfil the legal conditions necessary to secure a pension. Not infrequently the record shows that the soldier was a deserter. Sometimes it shows that he was convicted by court-martial and dismissed from the service. The defects of military record cover a considerable range, but they are all subject to Congressional correction. Deserter and dishonorable discharge are not considered by Congress as a legitimate bar to the pension fold. These bills come in under a wide variety of title: "To correct the military record," "To remove the charge of desertion," "Granting an honorable discharge," "To recognize the military services," "To revoke sentence of court-martial and establish the military record"; these are a few samples.

The introduction of such a bill keeps the applicant in line for the Congressman during at least one Congressional term. The applicant knows that there are many requests for such legislation in his district. The Member takes care to impress that fact upon him, and also the further fact that no matter how skilful in such matters a Member may be, or how popular in Washington, he can not get all his pension bills through at one session. Each applicant must take his turn, and so each one hangs on hopefully, continues voting, and keeps his friends in line. By and by his turn comes and his military record is made straight by law. He gets the honorable discharge, or the Congressional certificate of meritorious service, and is ready for the next move.

That move is a bill to grant him a pension. It names

SAMPLES OF CONGRESSIONAL ACTIVITY

Bills introduced in the first two months of the session by three Representatives, taken at random

	<i>Pensions and Increases of Pension</i>	<i>Correcting Military Records</i>	<i>Relief</i>	<i>Public Buildings</i>	<i>Public</i>	<i>Local</i>
Walter P. Brownlow (Rep., Tenn.) .	117	6	194	1	22	4
John C. Cheney (Rep., Ind.) . . .	152		14	2	2	
Champ Clark (Dem., Mo.)	124	5	26	1	5	5
Total	393	11	234	4	29	9
Total Private, 651						
Total Public, 29						
Ratio of Private to Public Activity—22 1-2 to 1						

There are three hundred and eighty-six Members of the House, and among them they had introduced over fifteen thousand bills in the first two months of the present session. This sample cross-section, taken near the beginning of the alphabet, shows the channels in which Congressional interest tends to run

to make application on the prescribed form and to comply with the not irksome regulations of the Pension Bureau—regulations all designed to facilitate just claims and to prevent the success of fraudulent ones. The Pension Bureau is administered in a liberal way, which aims at carrying out the spirit of the law that a person who actually performed military service for the Government and is now disabled in any way should receive a pension.

It is from the thousands of persons who can not comply with the comparatively simple requirements of the law that the applications come which demand special legislation. And out of this possibility of special pension legislation has grown up a custom of Congressional log-rolling which neither public building nor river and harbor bills ever approached.

the amount at whatever he thinks he is entitled to, under the legal ratings arranged according to degree of disability. The Member knows that when the bill goes to the committee, and is selected for passage, the amount it carries will be scaled down very sharply. But that is in his interest, and he only makes a bluff at protesting in order to appease the constituent. The real thing is to get a bill passed granting some pension.

The bill once passed and signed, the pensioner is securely listed for life among the Member's henchmen. The amount granted at first is never enough, and the beneficiary's energy is now bent on getting it increased. But the only hope of that is in the continued delivery of the votes. By and by, when the gift box has made its complete round of all the applicants on the Member's list, it will come the turn again of the first lucky grabber and he will get his raise. All this time the bill granting the increase has been introduced in each Congress right along, but the Member knows, if the pensioner does not, that it is not to be passed until the proper turn is reached. The increase asked for is always the full limit, and the pensioner clings hopefully to the belief that his rights will be recognized at last. But when the bill gets through the mill the committee has cut it down again, and the increase is only a few dollars, so that the long agony of waiting must be endured once more, and meantime the votes must be delivered at each election, or all hope is lost.

The Pensioner's Treadmill

This increase round goes on indefinitely, a few dollars at a time, until, if the pensioner lives long enough, he may get somewhere near the top of the allowance possibility, and then there is only gratitude for past favors to keep him still working for the Member's reelection. But with a careful Congressman that does not happen often enough to endanger his chances at the polls, or in the nominating conventions.

So much for the method of work in the district. Now for the manner of getting the bills through Congress. It is the good old log-rolling plan: "You tickle me, Tom, and I'll tickle you, Jerry." It is a case of tacit consent all around, no questions asked and no obstacles raised. It has even gone so far that an understanding is reached soon after Congress meets each year how many pension bills each Member may have for the session, but in exceptional cases a man may get more than the allowance. The number depends, to some extent, on the strength of the public clamor and the Presidential demand for retrenchment. For this session it has been set at "about three," a very liberal apportionment considering the need of keeping down appropriations and the cheese-paring of department estimates. It is left to the Member himself to choose the three from all the lot he has introduced. The committee sends out printed slips, early in the session, asking each Member to specify the order in which he wants his bills reported, and that is all the Member has to do to get them through. Of course, the hopeful constituent does not know this. He thinks it is only by the hard, persistent, and continuous work of the Member that his bill goes through, and each man fondly hopes that the merits of his own case will be soonest recognized.

The Committee Machine

Each bill upon its introduction is referred to the Committee on Pensions, or to that on Invalid Pensions, of the House or Senate, with the papers setting forth the reason why the pension or the increase should be granted, and detailing the disability of the beneficiary. These endorsements and specifications are not printed, and do not go into the published record of the cases. When the committee has finished with them they are filed away and forgotten. No one ever sees them except the member of the committee to whom the bill is referred. There are so many of these bills that it is impossible for the entire committee to consider them, and it is the custom to refer them in bunches to individual members of the committee as sub-committees.

Here is a certificate which accompanied a bill introduced in the House recently. It was taken at random, the first one picked up out of a bunch turned in that day:

"This is to certify that ———, alias ———, Company A, Third Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery, claim No. 1,035,096, is totally disabled for any kind of manual work. He has palpitation of the heart, kidney trouble, stomach trouble, and his liver gives him considerable trouble. Head is in bad condition, light dancing before the eyes, and he can't earn a living at all."

This is signed "———, M. D., Druggist."

The claim number shows that the application to the Pension Bureau was rejected.

The examination into cases by the sub-committees seldom goes beyond consideration of these certificates and consultation with the Member introducing the bill. The main business of the committee is the distribution among the Members of the bills to be passed. When that is settled the bills selected for passage are reported to the Senate or House with favorable recommendation. On the House calendar, for its second pension day of this session, there were 191 House bills, introduced by 137 Members.

...being engrossed, it was accordingly read the third time, and passed.

JAMES B. BABCOCK.

The next pension business was the bill (H. R. 10477) granting an increase of pension to James B. Babcock. The bill was read, as follows:

Be it enacted, etc., That the Secretary of the Interior be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to place on the pension roll, subject to the provisions and limitations of the pension laws, the name of James B. Babcock, late of Company F, First Regiment Wisconsin Heavy Artillery, and pay him a pension at the rate of \$40 per month in lieu of that he is now receiving.

The amendments recommended by the committee were read, as follows:

In line 7, after the word "Wisconsin," insert the word "Volunteer." In line 8 strike out the word "forty" and insert in lieu thereof the word "twenty-four."

The amendments were agreed to.

The bill as amended was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading; and being engrossed, it was accordingly read the third time, and passed.

ORTON D. FORD.

The next pension business was the bill (H. R. 2823) granting an increase of pension to Orton.

The bill was read, as follows:

A SAMPLE COG IN THE PENSION MACHINE

From the Congressional Record, February 9, 1906, page 2271

This is a specimen of forty-one pages of the Congressional Record for February 9. It describes the passage of one of the four hundred and twenty-nine private pension bills mentioned in the clipping below. The case is typical. Notice the reduction in the rate from \$40 to \$24, and compare with the explanation by "A Member of the Press Gallery" of the installment payment system by which voters are kept in line for Congressmen.

At frequent intervals a day is set aside for the consideration of pension bills. The House goes into "Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union," and the bills are read, with the committee amendments. The clerk goes through them with astonishing rapidity. Nobody pays attention except two or three members of the committee. The few Members scattered about the House are busy with their correspondence, newspapers, or conversation. It is not even necessary that a man shall look out to see his own bill go through. He knows no one will object, and it is all a matter of unanimous consent. Very few bills could pass on their merits if there were careful investigation and consideration, with the debate produced by any political measure, however trivial. But each man has his pension or private claim bills to get through, Democrats as

MANY PENSION BILLS PASSED.

House Puts Through 429 in 72 Minutes—Philippine Tariff Amendments Adopted.

Washington, Feb. 9.—The House to-day ground out its usual semi-monthly grist of private pensions, passing in seventy-two minutes, 429 bills for the benefit of veterans, who are barred for one reason or another from coming in under the general statute. Seventy-five per cent of the claims are for

SIX PRIVATE PENSION BILLS A MINUTE

From the "New York Tribune," February 10, 1906

What happens when Congress really gets busy. Twice a month the restrictions of the general laws, under which nearly a million persons have been able to get on the pension rolls, are suspended, and people who could not meet any requirements at all are admitted by special acts

well as Republicans, and he keeps his hands off those of others so that they will keep their hands off his.

The clerk races through the bill, and the committee amendment cutting down the amount originally asked for, and then the chairman says:

"Without objection the amendments will be considered as agreed to and the bill as recommended for passage. The chair hears no objection. The clerk will read the next bill."

Amazing speed is secured by this method. On the first pension day in the House, this session, 183 bills were put through the Committee of the Whole at the rate of considerably less than a minute per bill. On

the second pension day 263 bills were handled in Committee of the Whole and passed by the House in just two hours. The Committee of the Whole merely recommends the bills for passage. Then it rises and the House does the rest. In the House the process is even simpler and speedier than in the Committee of the Whole. At the beginning the clerk reads the bill by title, and the Speaker says:

"Without objection the bill will be considered as having been engrossed, read a third time, and passed."

After fifteen or twenty bills have been passed in that manner, the process is still further cut short. The clerk reads only the number of the bill, and the Speaker says: "Same order."

By that method the House has passed thirty pension bills in less than one minute. When all are passed the Speaker says:

"Without objection a motion to reconsider the votes on these bills will be considered to have been made and that motion laid on the table."

Gearing Up Legislation

That is the last act, the usual form employed in clinching the passage of a bill. When the motion to reconsider has been tabled, the bill can not be taken up again.

The procedure of the Senate is practically the same, and the speed attained in passing bills almost as great. The only difference is that the Vice-President sticks to the full form for each bill.

No one ever objects unless a Member happens to think he is not getting a square deal from the committee. Last year a Pennsylvania Representative did not think he was getting his bills out of committee as quickly as he should, and could get no satisfactory explanation. On pension day he was in his seat, and when the first bill came up for passage he rose and mildly inquired if it had been engrossed. The surprised chairman of the committee stammered out that it had not, and the Pennsylvania man expressed the opinion that it better be before it was passed.

The next bill suffered the same fate.

The Pennsylvania man knew the rules of the House and what he wanted, and the committee chairman saw that he would have to do something. He asked what was the trouble, and the Pennsylvanian frankly stated his grievance.

"For some reason, for which I have been unable to get an explanation," he said, "I find I can not get a report on any of my bills, and I take this method of making my protest. I want to know if this is to continue to be the attitude of the committee."

Then he sat down and let the march of progress in pension legislation proceed. At the next pension day the first two bills reported were his, and he got an extra allowance of two bills that session.

Nearly fourteen thousand pensioners are now on the rolls through the operation of these special acts. The business has been increasing with great strides in recent years. Up to the Forty-ninth Congress, the first which Mr. Cleveland had "on his hands," there were only 2,134 pensioners by special legislation. In his first term Mr. Cleveland signed bills adding 1,871 to the list.

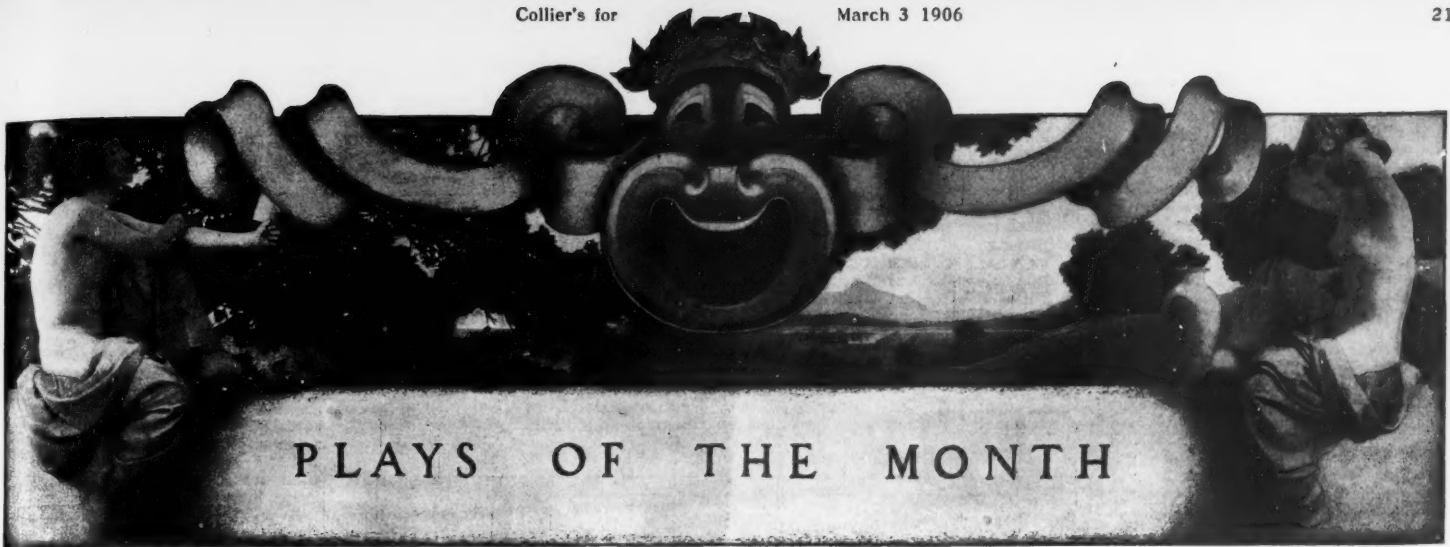
In his first two years in the White House President Harrison signed 1,388 such bills. Then came the hard times which made the easy granting of public money to private persons unpopular, and in the last half of his term as President Mr. Harrison signed only 217 pension bills.

Cleveland Hard Times and Roosevelt Prosperity

Then came Mr. Cleveland again, and this time he signed only 119 pension bills in the first and 378 in the second half of his term. Mr. McKinley was more liberal and times were easier. The business of encouraging votes by pension graft began to look up once more. In his first two years McKinley signed 694 bills, and in his second two years 1,391.

It remained for Mr. Roosevelt to establish the record. The first Congress on whose legislation he passed as President sent him nearly twice as many private pension bills as his predecessor had signed, and he gave his signature to 2,171 of them. That was the Fifty-seventh Congress. The Fifty-eighth raised the number more than a thousand, and in the last two years Mr. Roosevelt signed 3,355.

Of the 13,708 private pension bills whose beneficiaries are still on the rolls, 5,526 were signed by President Roosevelt. The Fifty-ninth Congress, that is scrutinizing appropriation bills with well-advertised care and frequent flourish of the retrenchment whip, has already passed between three and four hundred and has a matter of eight thousand under consideration. But a hard Congressional campaign is coming on, and "we must be liberal with the old soldiers."



HEADPIECE BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

BY ARTHUR RUHL



Mr. Raymond Hitchcock in "The Galloper"

MR. ALFRED SUTRO, the English playwright, whose American debut was made early in the season with "The Walls of Jericho," and who has lately presented to New York "The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt," at times suggests that his mature and inevitable cleverness is embarrassed by the active and equally inevitable influence of a careful bringing up. We refer, of course, not to the actual Mr. Sutro, the subject of Edward VII, but to that imagined personality, more or less dimly seen through the lines of the play, the guessed-at candlestick from which glimmers this particular spark of divine fire. Even a British careful-bringing-up may be an excellent thing, and in certain professions not necessarily bothersome. One can imagine a Prime Minister looking back on his career as down some regular

flight of stairs, not a doubt at any step. As soon, however, as the carefully-brought-up citizen begins the ticklish business of writing plays, stepping off the solid stairs of convention into the uncharted paths of sentiment and passion and original thought, trouble is likely to begin. Art is traditionally a thing not easy to reconcile with life, and cleverness and ethics find it difficult to walk hand-in-hand. Mr. Sutro is practicing an art, he is exceedingly clever, and he wants to be good.

In "The Walls of Jericho" we see a sprightly, sophisticated young wife bored to death through several acts by her big, strong, man's man of a husband, only, just before the curtain falls, to be brought to her senses, after her wings have narrowly escaped a singeing, by his thunderous denunciation of the society in which she moves, and to leave with him for an Australian sheep ranch, and what it is hoped will be a serpentless Eden. The carefully-brought-up Mr. Sutro and the mature and clever Mr. Sutro here execute a sort of team-race side by side. The latter dissects and satirizes effete Mayfair with all the keen relish of one not only in the world but of it—there is epigram and cynical wit and a beastly little modern ingenue, who puts on what she calls her "Jane Austens" when she wants to seem simple and girlish and catch a husband. The comedy of manners being thus well launched, and a heroine created who would find it exceedingly difficult to be happy on a sheep ranch, in steps the carefully-brought-up Mr. Sutro, and, with a bit of Vesuvian and virtuous melodrama, knocks down the whole sparkling structure and rushes the heroine off to Australia. The good Mr. Sutro wins through his sheer moral fervor from his other self, but it is a close shave.

In "The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt" the teamwork is less happy. There is no big compelling idea in this rather talky comedy to round things off with a flourish, and the heroine, after flirting outrageously with a dashing bounder for three acts and flouting her other suitors, in the last five minutes of the play, for no apparent reason whatsoever, drops into the arms of a slowcoach old Colonel. All of which is less by way of quarreling with Mr. Sutro's plays than of indicating

an unusual and interesting sidelight which they seem to cast upon their author. Whatever Mr. Sutro does is entertaining and conveys the rather rare and comforting impression of a certain breadth of culture underneath. In the title rôle of the newer play Mr. Frank Worthing was intelligent, but he seemed—a matter necessarily of merely personal taste—more *Mr. Vanderveldt* than fascinating. If the part of the sprightly young widow was not written for Miss Ellis Jeffreys, it might well have been. She presented quite as radiant a picture of the well-set-up, well-bred Englishwoman as she did last spring in *Lady Gay Spanker*, and one that exhibited a considerably subtler and more varied skill. A pleasing and vivacious comedy, though an ill-constructed one.

Mr. Davis in the Shadow of the Parthenon

One of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's most entertaining gifts is his ability to maintain, in the most untoward circumstances, a Broadway point of view. Of most folks the artistic temperament makes chameleons. If your friend Jones had, for instance, entered the Forbidden City of Lhasa with Colonel Younghusband's expedition, he would have been so impressed, probably, with his own newness and rawness in contrast with this mysterious and moldering old civilization that he would have lost his bearings completely. He would have strained to grasp the local significance of things, perhaps even to learn the language, and written a letter home to you, turgid, solemn, and quite unintelligible. "What's the matter with Jones?" you would wonder and forthwith cable him to hurry back to the Bowery again. If Mr. Davis, however, had entered the home of the Grand Lama under the same dramatic circumstances, he would not have missed any of the queer

temples, or streets, or people, but there is every reason to assume that he would have viewed them as though he had unexpectedly come upon them while riding down Fifth Avenue at dinner time in a hansom cab with the corner table engaged for him at Martin's, and in his waistcoat pocket tickets for the play.

In "The Galloper," his latest farce, Mr. Davis turns his characteristic gaze on the Greco-Turkish War of 1897, and the spectator is agreeably startled to observe young *Mr. Copeland Schuyler* of New York, a Casino soubrette known as "The Human Fly," a widow from Newark, N. J., who owns a department store and two breweries, and various other diverting persons, busying themselves in the shadow of the Acropolis and the Parthenon. In this austere environment "The Human Fly," whose matrimonial activities are somewhat complex, describes to a recent husband the success of her last appearance on Broadway.

"How did you like my new act?" she asks.

"It made me laugh," assents the husband, reverting to the vernacular of the Rialto.

"Laugh!" cried the young woman. "It isn't meant to make you laugh. When you see a woman turn four somersaults in the air and light on the back of her neck, does that make you laugh?"

"It does," observes the husband, "if I'm paying her alimony."

In order to escape from this enchantress, the husband, who is a real-thing war correspondent, is delighted to lend his name to *Mr. Schuyler*, who, in turn, is equally anxious to pretend to be a war correspondent, in order that he may follow to the front a lovely Red Cross nurse with whom he fell in love on shipboard on the way over. Mistaken for the real correspondent, who had once fought for the Cretans against the Turks, *Schuyler* is carried to the Piræus on the shoulders of

a mob of admiring Greeks and compelled to make a speech.

"Men of Athens!" shouts *Schuyler*, "remember Marathon! (Applause.) Remember Thermopylae! (Wild applause.) Remember Andrew Jackson! (Shrieks and roars of applause.) What has the Republican party ever done for Greece! (Thunderous outburst of enthusiasm.)"

Wholesome, hearty fun, it will be observed, aimed at the ribs rather than the cold chambers of the cerebrum, and there is much more of it. In the Arctic gleam of critical analysis, "The Galloper" might seem, at times, to bear a dangerously close resemblance to musical comedy without the music, but it is not the sort of thing upon which the A. G. C. A. finds heart to turn. It is good-humored and amusing. Mr. Raymond Hitchcock is very droll—people will like it after dinner.

Made in Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. David Gray's "Gallops" has an esoteric interest somewhat like that surrounding a steeplechase participated in by gentlemen riders. Mr. Gray himself rides and makes his occasional habitat amid the people and scenery depicted in his play, and as his nominal profession has never been that of writing for the stage, the audience has the agreeable privilege of assuming that their playwright is at once the easy amateur and the real thing. As put on at the Garrick, this aspect is divertingly accentuated by dressing all the minions of the house in red coats and huntsmen's caps, and keeping the orchestra busy tooting bugle calls and rattling castanets. To those familiar with hunt-



Miss Ellis Jeffreys as "Lady Clarice Howland" and Mr. Frank Worthing in the title rôle of "The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt"

club neighborhoods "Gallop" will have an almost local interest, and it should appeal scarcely less to that larger audience which suffers under the same deficiencies as the lady in the song who stated that she, too, would ride horses with fine long tails if her papa was the Prince of Wales.

Quite outside of any factitious attraction, however, Mr. Gray has made a very pretty and entertaining little comedy out of his Genesee Valley stories—practically every essential episode has been ingeniously worked in, even to the story of the horse who marched into the dining-room—and one that, considering the somewhat tenuous character of the material, is surprisingly sustained in its dramatic interest. The clash between young Mr. Jack Heminway, who is mistaken for his cousin, a famous steeplechaser, and is made to live up to his reputation, and Mr. "Randy" Gordon a well-born cad of an Englishman, who is trying to marry the young woman with whom Heminway is in love, and to beat out his rival tries to bribe Heminway's groom to throw the race, furnishes the principal action of the play. A mellow old bishop who knows nothing about horses, and a languishing young widow who is forever being called up from all parts of the civilized world on the long-distance telephone, supply humorous relief. The acting, upon which such a piece depends so much, is for the most part satisfactory, though Mr. Charles Richman lends a somewhat too bovine masculinity to the part of the hero. Miss Frances Starr makes a charming little thoroughbred heroine, Miss Grace Filkins is natural and amusing as the telephonic Aphrodite, and Mr. W. L. Abington's impersonation of the well-born bouncer finished and neat.

Another Boarding-House Play

On the program of Mr. Channing Pollock's "The Little Gray Lady" are quoted the words: "A man made weak by loving and then strong by being loved." They refer to young Mr. Periton Carlyle, the near-hero of the play, for, as the program explains, it is a play without a hero. Mr. Carlyle worked in the redemption agency of the Treasury Department at Washington, and his call-love for Miss Jordan, the landlady's "flip" daughter, made him manufacture, by tearing pieces out of many bills and pasting them together, a bogus \$100 bill. It was his man-love for Miss Anna Gray, "the little gray lady" of the Jordan boarding-house—who stuck to him through thick and thin and even tried to go to jail for him—that is assumed eventually to have made him strong. The little gray lady said to Carlyle: "I don't love you because you're honest, I love you because you're you." That honest old Secret Service man, Sam Meade, had originally made the remark when he most suspected Miss Gray of making the bad bill, for he, too, was very much in love with her. Sam had pretty hard luck. He lost the girl, had his own sentimental epigrams used by her to cheer up the other man, and in the end he had to tear up the \$100 bill to save them both from trouble and end the play happily. Sam Meade was a very good sort; in spite of Carlyle, it does not seem definitely established that the play has no hero.

There is much admirable work in this building of a comedy out of the humors of a middle-class boarding-house and the drab tragedy of departmental life in Washington. The first act, in the boarding-house back-

yard—with Cap'n Jordan, the landlady's Micawber-like husband turning the ice-cream freezer, the soprano lady singing scales upstairs, somebody in the next yard flinging a battered tin washboiler over the fence, the black cat jumping off the woodshed—is keenly observed and delightful.

Its promise is scarcely fulfilled in the later acts—no sufficiently gripping dramatic action works out of this admirable local color, the near-hero is a pretty weak, not to say caddish, member, and in order to make "situations" the poor little gray lady is compelled to step quite out of her real character. Its excellences and some of its deficiencies are not unlike those of Mr. H. K. Chambers's "Abigail," the New York boarding-house play which was produced last winter. Miss Dorothy Donnelly's clever impersonation of the "flip" daughter, and Miss Eva Vincent as the garrulous and inquisitive landlady, provided most of the laughs of the piece. The quiet courage and suppressed sorrow of the little gray lady herself were interpreted by Miss Julia Dean with unusual refinement and distinction.



Miss Julia Dean as "Anna Gray" in "The Little Gray Lady"

One of the most common difficulties met by those who try to put the strong romance of modern business life into plays is that of binding into any really organic whole the "love interest" with a convincing treatment of actual commercial conditions. Much of the machinery of "The Lion and the Mouse," for instance, the most successful play of this sort produced this season, is obviously absurd. In "The Measure of a Man," ascribed to Miss Cora Maynard, and produced for the first time on any stage by the Sargent pupils at a recent matinee, this junction was effected with rather more than usual effectiveness.

The scene of the play is New York at the present time, the action taking place at the town and country house of Christopher Guthrie, a multi-millionaire. The principal characters are the ferret-like Guthrie; a brilliant young promoter, Arnold King, and Ruth Guthrie, the magnate's daughter by his first marriage. His second wife, a snaky enchantress, adds to the complication of the plot by practicing her wiles on the young promoter, even though she is aware that he is loved by her stepdaughter. An invention which reduces the cost of making steel one-half falls into the hands of

young King, who forms a company to exploit it, of which the multi-millionaire is made principal stockholder. The venture promises well, but the time comes when it is necessary to invest a large additional amount of capital or stop further operations. Seizing this opportunity, Guthrie, in a private interview with King, refuses to advance further funds except on one condition. This condition is that the young man, who has complete charge of the business, shall so manipulate accounts that the expenses of the business will continue to appear to be in excess of the profits, and the stock depreciate until it is practically worthless. Meanwhile the millionaire and the young promoter will secretly be buying it in, and when the final crash comes the two will assume complete control of the business, and, coming out into the open, will then continue it legitimately for their sole profit. Placed in the dilemma of seeing his Napoleonic schemes collapse utterly or of making a bargain with his tempter, the young promoter at last yields. The daughter, who overhears the crucial part of the interview, will have

no more of King, and, heart-sick at her father's treachery and her mother's open jealousy, leaves her home and buries herself in the Far West.

A year passes, and the moment for the directors' meeting arrives at which the young promoter—hair streaked with gray, greatly aged under the burden of his shame—is to present his accounts, doctored to show that the business can no longer be carried on. Just before the meeting is called the daughter returns, having learned during the solitude of her voluntary exile a broader tolerance for her lover's error.

The Drama of Business

She persuades him to make a clean breast of the whole business, saying that she will stand by him, whatever happens, and they will begin life over again together. This he does, taking the entire blame upon himself and not mentioning the father. While the dumfounded directors withdraw to one side of the room, to discuss what shall be done, King, in an ingenious whispered scene with the infuriated and trembling millionaire, demands, as the price of his silence, that Guthrie shall make good

the losses of the innocent stockholders. The directors, convinced of the young man's sincerity, and never having had any doubts of his commercial genius, magnanimously direct him to continue his management of the business, and all ends happily, poetic justice falling with neat accuracy on the baffled millionaire.

The business activities of the play may or may not be realistic, but they rather unusually conveyed the atmosphere of being so, and the portrayal of the Guthrie family—the cold-blooded, treacherous father, the petted, unprincipled young stepmother, and the poor child who had grown up in a ready-made palace without ever having known a home—suggested the authoritative modernity of the author of "The House of Mirth." The most obvious fault of the piece was its lack of humor, or even anything that served as spontaneous comedy relief. What little fun there was was supplied by two *enfants terribles*, the spoiled-child daughter of Guthrie and her juvenile suitor, the fat boy who lived next door, and this was crude and rather lugged in at that. One would like to see the piece cheered up a bit and tried on the professional stage.

AN ANGLO-SAXON REVOLUTION

WHAT THE ELECTION OF FIFTY-FIVE LABOR MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT MEANS

By W. D. P. BLISS

THERE have just been elected to Great Britain's Parliament nine miners, seven railroad men (engineers, brakemen, navvies), five factory hands, four printers, three shop-clerks, two carpenters, two gas workers and general laborers, two steel smelters, two shipwrights, one barge-builder, one sailor, one cooper, one furniture-maker, one watchcase-maker, one laster, one blacksmith, and one agricultural laborer. These men enter to-day the Great Hall of William Rufus, and sit, many of them in workman's dress, as successors to Hampden, Pitt, Fox, and Gladstone. No more important or significant event has been flashed across the wires from England in fifty, perhaps in one hundred, years. It is doubtful if any more significant event has occurred in the world during the same period. By the Franco-German War, the American-Spanish War, the Russo-Japanese War, it has been determined that the Anglo-Saxon race shall rule the world; by these English elections it has been determined who shall rule the Anglo-Saxon race.

These English labor men have come to stay and to bring others with them. They are not the result of any ministerial crisis or passing wave of political excitement. The dissolution of Parliament and the downfall of Mr. Balfour's Ministry may indeed have pierced the hole in the dikes of English conservatism, but those events are not responsible for, nor the creators of, the ocean of England's labor that is pouring through the opening. These English labor men are not French Communards, Russian Nihilists—not even

German Socialists. They are Anglo-Saxons; they belong to the race that does things, that does more than it says, that achieves, that moves slowly, but when it does move, moves forward, and that, once having occupied a position, has never been known to move backward. These are the men who will be each year more in evidence in Parliament than they are to-day. Read their names; it is worth while. They are not Latin, nor Gallic, nor Slavic, nor Germanic, nor even Norman. They belong to the race that conquered the Norman conquerors of Hastings. There are among them, it is true, representatives of Wales, of canny Scotland, of the Emerald Isle, but the overwhelming majority are Saxon-English, even more than they are Anglo-Saxons. Here is the list—we add a few who are practically identified with them, though not themselves actually labor men: Abraham (a Welshman), Alden, Barnes, Bell, Bowerman, Brace, Broadhurst, Burns, Burt, Byles (notice the monosyllables), Clynes, Cremer, Crooks, Duncan, Edwards, George, Gill, Glover, Hall, Hardie, Henderson, Hodge, Hudson, Jenkins, Johnson, Johnston, Jowett, Kelley, Macdonald, Macpherson, Maddison, Nicholls, O'Donnell, O'Grady, Parker, Richards, Richards, Richardson, Roberts, Rowlands, Shableton, Scott, Sedden, Snowden, Steadman, Summerbell, Vivian, Walsh, Ward, Wardle, Wilkie, Williams, Wilson, Wilson, Wilson—fifty-five names. There is no doubt about the racial instincts and the English heredity of these men. The list makes one think of John Ball's rebellion and Jack Cade's revolt. It is English to the very core.

And be it remembered that these—not have been, but are—English working men. They have been elected exactly because they are working men. In Congress, in House and Senate, you will find men—attorneys, railroad men, millionaires—who began life as working men. You will find such instances in the legislatures of every country. But, in the United States especially, such men have ceased to be working men. They are ex-working men. They have, as we say, "risen above their class." Many of them are now the worst foes of labor that can be found. Not so with these English labor representatives. They are not ex-working men. They have been elected as working men, by working men, for working men. They have not "risen above their class." They have risen with their class. This is the significance of the election. They are taking and, above all, they are going to take their class along with them. They are going to take other working men with them into Parliament, on to the Front Benches, into Cabinets, into Ministries, into Prime Ministries. They can not be stopped. John Burns in the Liberal Cabinet is more of a symbol of what shall be than a sign of what is. He is more indicative than Campbell-Bannerman. The English dikes have been pierced and the ocean is flowing in. There is an ocean of votes behind these labor men. There are at present somewhat more than two and a quarter million trades unionists in Great Britain, most of them voters and all going to vote to-morrow. That would be the equal of four and a half million trades unionists in the United States. Moreover, vast numbers of working men

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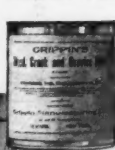
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AN ANGLO-SAXON REVOLUTION

(Continued from page 20)

in England who are not in the trades unions are quite as politically alive and often more radical than the trades union members. Seventy-seven per cent of Great Britain's population is engaged in manufactory, commerce, or in personal labor. If some of these are of, or vote with, the employing class, it will be more than balanced by the agricultural laborers who are beginning to vote with the workmen of the town. No wonder England's worshippers of things as they are stand aghast at the prospect of things as they will be in England.

The Significance of the Labor Party's Achievement

Be it remembered, too, that circumstances make 50 labor men in Parliament vastly more significant than 80 Social Democrats in the German Reichstag or 115 Socialists of various types in the French Chamber of Deputies. The 50 labor men in Parliament are but the beginning of a movement which must move increasingly fast. The growth of German and French Socialist votes must be increasingly slow. The reason is that in every country except England there is a large, unprogressive agricultural vote, which Socialism finds it difficult to capture. In Germany, 37 per cent of the population are engaged in agriculture or fisheries; in France, 44 per cent; in the United Kingdom it is only 15 per cent. This means that English working class interests are unified and solidified as perhaps in no country in the world. The English working man is growing class-conscious beyond any metaphysics of German Marxism. It is English capitalism, vested interests, and a more concentrated land monopoly than in any country of the world that is producing this result. The "Bitter Cry" of London, of Newcastle, of Lancashire, of York, is more bitter than in any country where labor has learned to have any voice at all. It is England's aristocracy that is driving English working men into Parliament as their last resource.

But these labor men will know how to get what they want. They have had, the most of them, a life training and a personal evolution almost startling in what it reveals of personal power and intensity of purpose. John Burns, thirty-eight years ago, was a lad in a candle factory, earning a few shillings a week, and spelling out an education at night by the light of his flickering lamp. To-day he is a Cabinet Minister at a salary of \$10,000 per year. Keir Hardie, forty-two years ago, was in the coal-pits at the age of seven, never having a day's schooling in his life. Now he leads the Independent Labor Party. William Crooks, who startled England two years ago by carrying Woolwich for labor at a by-election, spent his early boyhood in the cold wards of an English poor-house. George Nicholls worked till his nineteenth year as an agricultural laborer, and then tramped England, as a navy, looking for work. Alfred Gill sold papers in Lancashire at the age of seven. William Hudson has been a railway guard for twenty-six years. Will Thorne, the first Simon-pure Socialist to be elected to Parliament, worked as a boy in the brick fields. Thomas Burt was a "trapper" in the Northumberland mines. J. R. Clynes was a mill boy. William Abraham worked in the pits at ten and continued there twenty-one years. J. R. Edwards was in the coal-pits at nine. T. Glover was in the pits at nine. It is astonishing how many of England's labor leaders served apprenticeship in the mines. J. Robertson, one of the more fortunate, did not enter the pits until eleven. G. Wardle worked in a factory at eight. J. R. Macdonald's parents were agricultural laborers. To-day he is Secretary of the Parliamentary Labor Representation Committee. J. H. Seddon was a grocery clerk. W. C. Steadman was a barge-builder. P. Summerbell was the son of a miner and began work in a grocery. Stephen Walsh was an orphan and educated in an industrial school. William P. Cremer began as a shipbuilder; in 1903 he received the Nobel prize. John Ward was an English navy at twelve. John Wilson's father was a day laborer and began work in the mines. Such were the beginnings of at least three-quarters of these men. To-day they sit in the most coveted seats in England, from which they have ousted, most of them, sons of peers or inheritors of millions. They have done it, too, by hard personal work. It is doubtful if in the whole number there is one who owes his success to any accident of birth or favor of social position. They are of necessity picked men, the pick of English working men, picked by their own efforts and strong with the strength begotten of success. Most of them have labored long at their respective crafts. They know the situation. They have thus been chosen, almost all of them, as leaders or hard-working secretaries of their trades unions. They have organized strikes and conducted agitations. They have presided over labor congresses and served on innumerable committees. Very many of them have had legislative experience on county councils, or as aldermen in city halls. Often they have met with employers as equals on arbitration boards or as representatives of the employees. These men will not be turned from their purpose by Liberal attorneys or Conservative Primrose Leagues. They are not all Socialists. Very few of them are doctrinaire Socialists. But almost to a man they will favor constructive, step-by-step, evolutionary Socialist measures. They will all move in one direction, and usually together. In demanding public ownership, at least of municipal natural monopolies, in voting for the State employment of the unemployed, for radical land reform, for old-age pensions, trades union legislation, educational reform, they will vote as one man. And many not of their party will vote with them. For most labor measures the 81 Irish Nationalist votes can be counted. Similarly England's labor men almost unitedly will favor Home Rule for Ireland. It is little wonder that astute English observers predict that in two years local Parliaments, friendly to England's Parliament, will sit in Dublin and Edinburgh. The only question is how long England's House of Peers will continue to sit. Thus far the wily Peers have been able to defy a slightly divided Liberal and Conservative House of Commons. It will be another thing with a united House of Commons accustomed to pushing loaded coal trucks and to driving wheels of steel. There will be erected on the Thames embankment no guillotine presided over by Keir Hardie; no dynamite bombs will be nor need be thrown, but more radical things will soon be doing in Parliament than beside the Seine, the Elbe, or the Neva. It is an Anglo-Saxon revolution.

Financing the Political Machine

It is consequently well financed. The Labor Representation Committee collects thirty shillings per year for each one thousand members connected with societies or unions affiliated with the committee and one penny from every member for the Parliamentary fund. Paying sixpence per year (twelve cents), English trades unionists could send 240 members to Parliament and pay each \$1,000 per year. The money will not be wanting for every labor man elected. Will this election affect America? The editor of a great New York daily declined to give much space to the details of the English elections. He said: "What does New York care that a few English laborers have been elected in England?" This shows that the editor does not know New York, nor understand his business. New York is not indifferent to the most important political event of the Anglo-Saxon world. If there are those who do not realize this, an editorial leader should point it out. The differences between a Republican and a Democratic victory, between English Liberals and Conservatives, is as nothing compared with the significance of the appearance for the first time in either England or America of an organized political party to stand for labor as opposed to capital and privilege. The former parties stand for differences that are fading from human thought. Labor and capital politically arrayed stand for a cleavage that may go to the very bottom of existing society.

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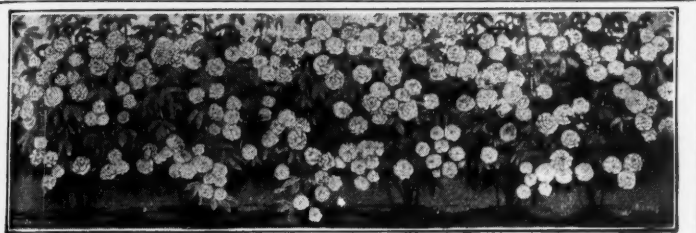
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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH THIRD

The Third Panama Article

THE final article in Mr. Palmer's Canal series, to appear next week, will take up the problems and the obstacles, —political, engineering, and labor,—which will have to be overcome before the work can be completed. It will discuss the question of continuing the work under immediate Government direction, or of letting it out on contract. Mr. Palmer will explain why, if the contract system is tried, it must be in the hands of a few contractors instead of a great many. He will also explain how some of the proposals made at home become ridiculous when looked at from the point of view of those working on the Isthmus. He will also go into the great question of whether it shall be a lock or a sea-level canal. Six different engineering commissions have already disagreed as to the plan, but we are reaching the point now where the progress of the work will be arrested if we do not come to some decision. Congress will have to decide, and an error by Congress now may mean a national disgrace instead of a national triumph on the Isthmus.

The Lincoln Farm Association

NO appeal has ever been made to the American people which has met with such a prompt and generous response as that sent out by The Lincoln Farm Association in Collier's "Lincoln's Birthday Number" of February 10. Though an extra edition was printed in anticipation of the wide interest that would be taken in any such movement to stimulate wholesome patriotism, the entire number was exhausted before the close of the current week. More contributions and a larger total were received by the end of the first seven days of the appeal than had been received during the first month of any other patriotic appeal of this kind before. And with each succeeding day the contributions have increased, showing the public interest in the Association's work to be sound rather than spasmodic.

THE Lincoln Farm Association is receiving thousands of letters expressing the hearty cooperation of all true Americans of all ages and all states. A representative and wealthy manufacturer of New York City writes under date of February 15:

"I have read with much interest in a recent issue of Collier's of the excellent plan which you and others are putting through for the purchase and preservation of the Lincoln birthplace farm for the benefit of all the people. This movement has my heartiest sympathy and I am glad to send herewith my check for the limit asked for: namely, twenty-five dollars. You are certainly doing the country a very noble service. With best wishes for your success in this matter, I remain,
Yours very truly,
S. M. C."

In the same mail, in a strained and unformed hand, we find from a little town in Minnesota the following:

"I am sending twenty-five cents to help fix the Lincoln Farm. I want to be like Abraham Lincoln and when I get to be a man I will go to see his old log home. My teacher told us a lot about when Lincoln was a boy. Put my name in your book, DEANE STANLEY ROGERS."

From Lynchburg, Virginia, comes a subscriber who says:

"I had three brothers in the Confederate service, and I would have been also but was too young; but I recognize the greatness of Lincoln and wish to do his memory honor. While we lost some 480 negroes by his proclamation, he could not have done otherwise, and would have done us much fairer if he could. I am descended from four Colonial Governors of Virginia, and love our reunited country and think nothing done to the honor of 'Abe' Lincoln can be too much. I rejoice that this movement will let our young people know who and what he was.
Yours truly,
J. W. W."

A gentleman from New York City sends a check for \$100, and when advised that the Association can accept but \$25 from one member, he sends three additional names for membership, that his contribution might remain.

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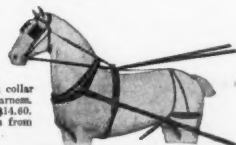
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